

THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE



1941

IN THIS
ISSUE

BOOTH TARKINGTON
BILL CUNNINGHAM





At the work-day's end, there's rest . . . in beer and ale

The haying is done...The shadows in the barnyard are long...It is good to sit down...With a smile of welcome, the farmer's wife brings him a glass of mellow beer...Her proud eyes say, "well done!"

. . .

Through the centuries, beer has been one of those modest rewards that men look forward to, at the end of the day...to bring refreshment to tired bodies, minds and spirits.

Beer can add a wholesome pleasure to the spare-

time hours of the man who toils in the fields, labors at a bench, or works behind a desk. In summer's heat, it brings its grateful coolness. In winter's cold, it offers welcome warmth. It adds a touch of friendliness wherever good friends gather.

Brewed from golden grain and fragrant hops, beer is one of nature's kindest gifts to men. Nourishing and appealing to the taste, beer and ale hold an honored place in the lives of those who are balanced, tolerant, and wise.

Because beer is a beverage of moderation and so great a national favorite, it deserves to have its good name guarded well. We who brew America's beer are cooperating to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. You can help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program...described in a booklet sent free on request. Address United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. D7, 21 E. 40th St., New York, N. Y.





A Letter from the Prime Minister of Canada



Ottawa, May 27, 1941.

To the Editor of The American Legion Magazine:

I thank you for your letter, and particularly for the expression of your sympathy with the cause of Britain and Canada, and your cordial references to Canadian-American friendship. I am sure that when Canadians celebrate on the first of July, and Americans honour Independence Day on the fourth of July, both our peoples will see in each other's national holiday an occasion for thanksgiving.

Our concept of neighbourliness and our mutual respect have all found expression not only in our long record of peace and friendship, but also in the Ogdensburg agreement, the Hyde Park declaration and many engagements and treaties which have proclaimed to the world our free and understanding cooperation in times of war and in times of peace. We have both dedicated ourselves to conciliation and reconciliation.

Our ardent determination to live together in concord not only strengthens the cause of freedom in the days of its anguish but is an assurance of our sympathetic collaboration in the healing of the stricken and broken world. The historic example which Canada and the United States present of what can be achieved by national and international idealism is the benediction of our present and may well be the hope of the future.

I thank you very much for your letter, and send my best wishes to your readers and yourself. In these wishes all Canadians, and not least those who remember with pride the comradeship with you in the last Great War will wish most cordially to join.

Yours sincerely,

The Editors of The American Legion Magazine, mindful of the coöperation between the Dominion of Canada and the United States at this historic hour, mindful too of the fact that our neighbor to the north celebrates Dominion Day just three days before our Independence Day, asked the Canadian Prime Minister, Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, P.C., for a message of greeting to The American Legion. The letter reproduced on this page is the result of that request

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The Message Center

THIS is the twenty-second birthday of The American Legion's official magazine. It began publication as *The American Legion Weekly* with the issue of July 4, 1919. The final issue of the *Weekly* was June 18, 1926, and Volume 1, No. 1 of *The American Legion Monthly* was delivered to members a little more than a week later, it being the July issue. Appropriately enough, the United States of America was getting ready to celebrate its one hundred fiftieth birthday. With the July, 1937 issue the name of the publication was changed to *The American Legion Magazine*. By that time the word *monthly* in the title was a bit disconcerting, for since January, 1935 the newsprint tabloid *National Legionnaire*, with which you are all familiar, had been coming each month to

Important

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 51.

the membership with detailed information concerning Legion affairs which this magazine could not possibly use.

WE WELCOME to our list of contributors Booth Tarkington, First Citizen of both Indianapolis and Kennebunkport, Maine, and America's great-

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Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.

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The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

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IF I have a voice that can be heard in this national crisis I will cry aloud, "This is no phony war!"

It is not a question of whether we want to fight. It is a question of whether we are strong enough to defend what is our own. We know, from watching what has happened to peace-loving countries in Europe, that you can't meet an emergency when it happens. You must already have met that emergency. We should not be put into a position of having to "appease" anyone. We ought to be *telling* them, not *asking* them.

I don't want ours to be the kind of

fact, in touch as I am day after day with the production heart of our vast and beautiful country, I may have some facts and figures which are definitely reassuring. A realist, yes, as indeed we all must be. But not a pessimist.

Those who see German victory as inevitable magnify, I think, the extent to which the Axis powers are producing. It

If you or your friends want to get a well-paying job in the metal-working industry while helping America achieve its objective of full national defense, write Paul H. Griffith, director, National Veterans' Employment Committee, 1608 K St., N. W., Washington, D. C., for the address of the nearest school which will prepare you or them, without cost and within a matter of weeks, for such a job. Or write the State Employment Office at the Capital of your State.

country that can be pushed around!

For twenty years we have been telling ourselves "it takes two to make a fight." And that seemed to settle things; very well, we would never need to fight, we thought. Because we yearned for no world conquest, we felt safe.

But we now realize, almost too late, that the world's most terrible war, a war which has gone on for nearly two years and has brought poverty and destitution and danger of death to peace-loving millions, is a very real threat. We have not begun to take this war seriously enough.

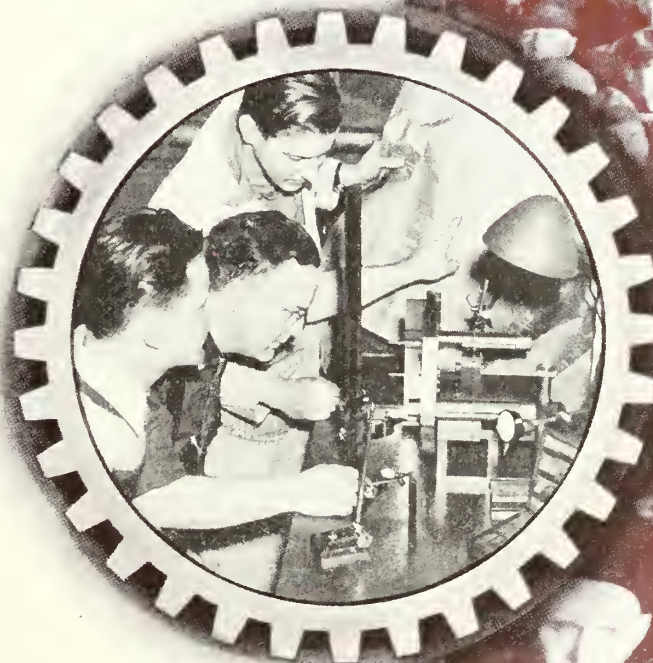
I am not a pessimist. In

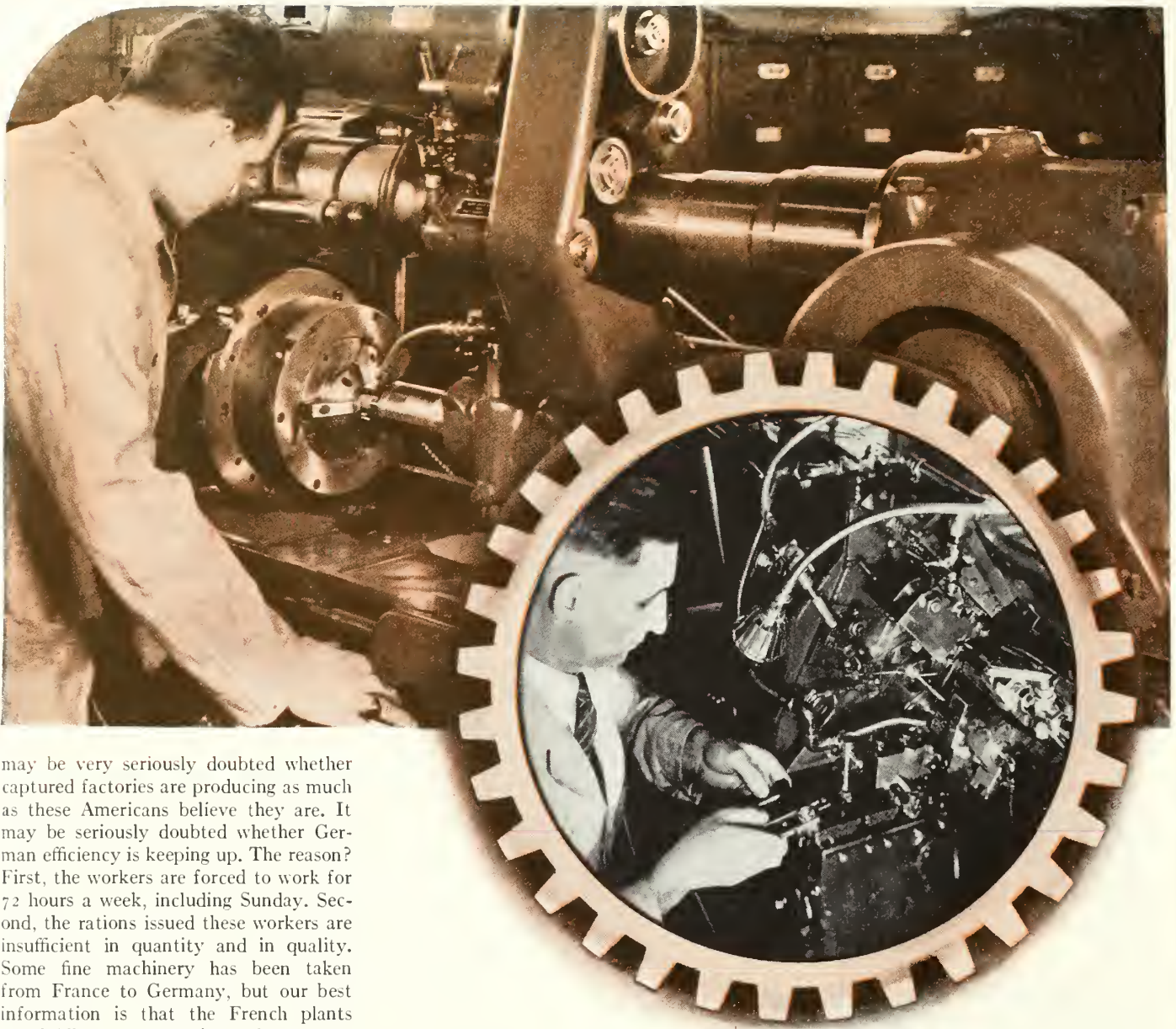
By **TELL
BERNA**

General Manager, National
Machine Tool Builders' Association

JULY, 1941

THOSE WEAPONS!





may be very seriously doubted whether captured factories are producing as much as these Americans believe they are. It may be seriously doubted whether German efficiency is keeping up. The reason? First, the workers are forced to work for 72 hours a week, including Sunday. Second, the rations issued these workers are insufficient in quantity and in quality. Some fine machinery has been taken from France to Germany, but our best information is that the French plants stand idle or are running only to meet the limited civilian needs of France.

Yet it is painfully true that we are not as yet properly prepared. We are frantically preparing for defense, yet the right people are not yet fully alarmed, or even personally concerned. Far too many of us are as complacent, as trusting, and as unproductive of the implements of defense as were the citizens of unhappy France.

That things are not more jumbled than they are is due to the fact that we have some extremely capable men at Washington, both in the Army and Navy and in the Office of Production Management. Despite frequent discouragement they are beginning to get things started.

There are some reassuring things to report. Take our bombing planes. A bomber, or a combat ship, till now has been forced to operate at low levels, because the weight of its guns kept it from climbing high or, indeed, from cruising any sizable distance. Only small, unarmored planes could operate at heights of several miles and speeds of many miles a minute. But we now have a fighting

plane that can climb to 35,000 feet in a matter of seconds, can fly at that height for a tremendous distance and, what is more, can carry a full load of important guns.

You know how important sturdiness is, even in a motorcar or truck. In the last war an airplane cruised slowly, according to today's speeds, and yet the engine had to be torn down and overhauled every fifty flying hours. Today's engines, despite the greatly increased flow of power they deliver, can fly for 600 hours before being overhauled.

What's the secret? Better materials? Yes. Better workmen? Yes. But more than any of these, the story of today's war-planes is one of marvelous accuracy—of parts perfectly balanced so there is no undue stress or strain, of surfaces so smooth that there is not the slightest scratch that might develop into a crack, of working parts machined within one or two ten-thousandths of an inch. And this accuracy must be built into the machine tools that make the engines.

Our new Garand rifle can shoot sixty aimed shots while the old familiar Springfield rifle is shooting fifteen. With a Garand the marksman keeps his eye on the target—he doesn't have to raise his hand to the bolt. Even more important, the Garand doesn't make your shoulder sore. Instead of the old-time kick from the Springfield, you have merely a gentle push. Yet the Garand has no more parts than the Springfield—seventy-two, to be exact. It merely makes use of the recoil to reload the gun.

The machine tool industry has produced a new machine tool which will shape a 134-pound shell, six inches in diameter—turn it, face each end from the rough steel forgings, and do these operations about six times as fast as in 1918. This machine, for the encouragement of those who think we as a nation did not even start to think about defense until almost too late, was undertaken expressly for the Army's Ordnance Department in 1939, and some of them are now running in various shops. "Make it simple

enough so anyone can operate it," the Ordnance Department ordered, and the machine makes good on that requirement.

In design and workmanship the American people are as smart as anybody on earth. This is no time for defeatism, but rather a time for manhood, for the spirit of our forefathers, a time for fight.

Yet I want to admit frankly to the 1,100,000 men who are members of The American Legion that we as a nation face a terrific problem, and one that most people as yet barely realize. For plans are fine, but you can't win even a war of defense on paper alone. A few specimen tanks and machine guns, carefully assembled by hand, are encouraging, and we have them. But how can you prepare this vast nation against an army of 3,000,000 Nazi fighters, probably the most ruthless and scientifically trained body of killers the world has ever seen, and an army some of whom have been fighting steadily since the civil war in Spain? Our green troops can be made into soldiers only when they are provided with armor to protect themselves, with guns equal to the guns of the enemy, with planes capable of stopping air raids before they begin, with tanks that are better than any the enemy can bring into the battle.

Do you realize, men of the Legion, that to keep one man at the front

of skilled operations? Do you realize there are 15,000 parts in an ordinary Army truck, and 72 parts in a Garand rifle? A machine tool—and that deceptively simple name comprises turret lathes, boring mills, drilling machines and hundreds of others, in special sizes and types and designs—can combine many of these operations and do them semi-automatically. *But you need skilled workmen, first to produce these machine tools, and second to operate them in the nation's defense factories.*

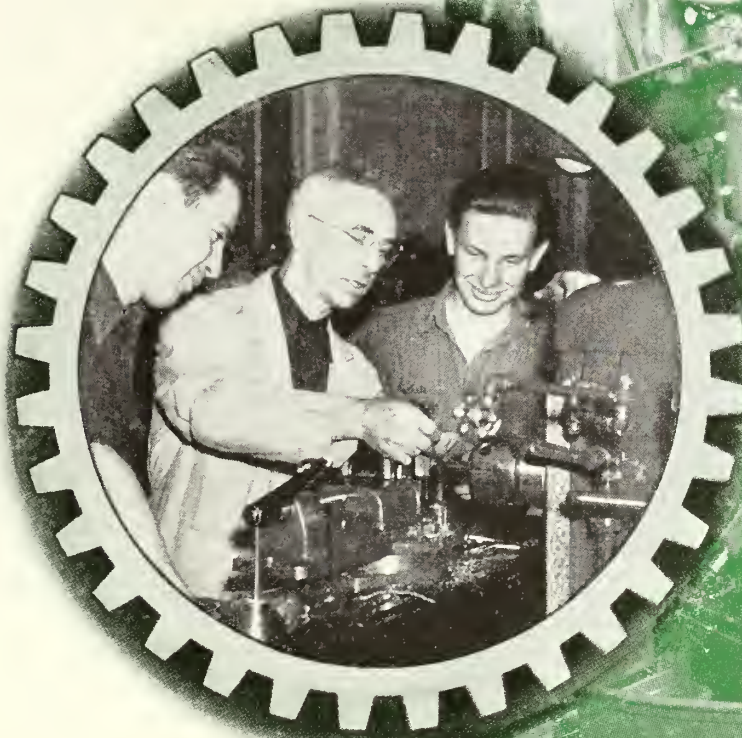
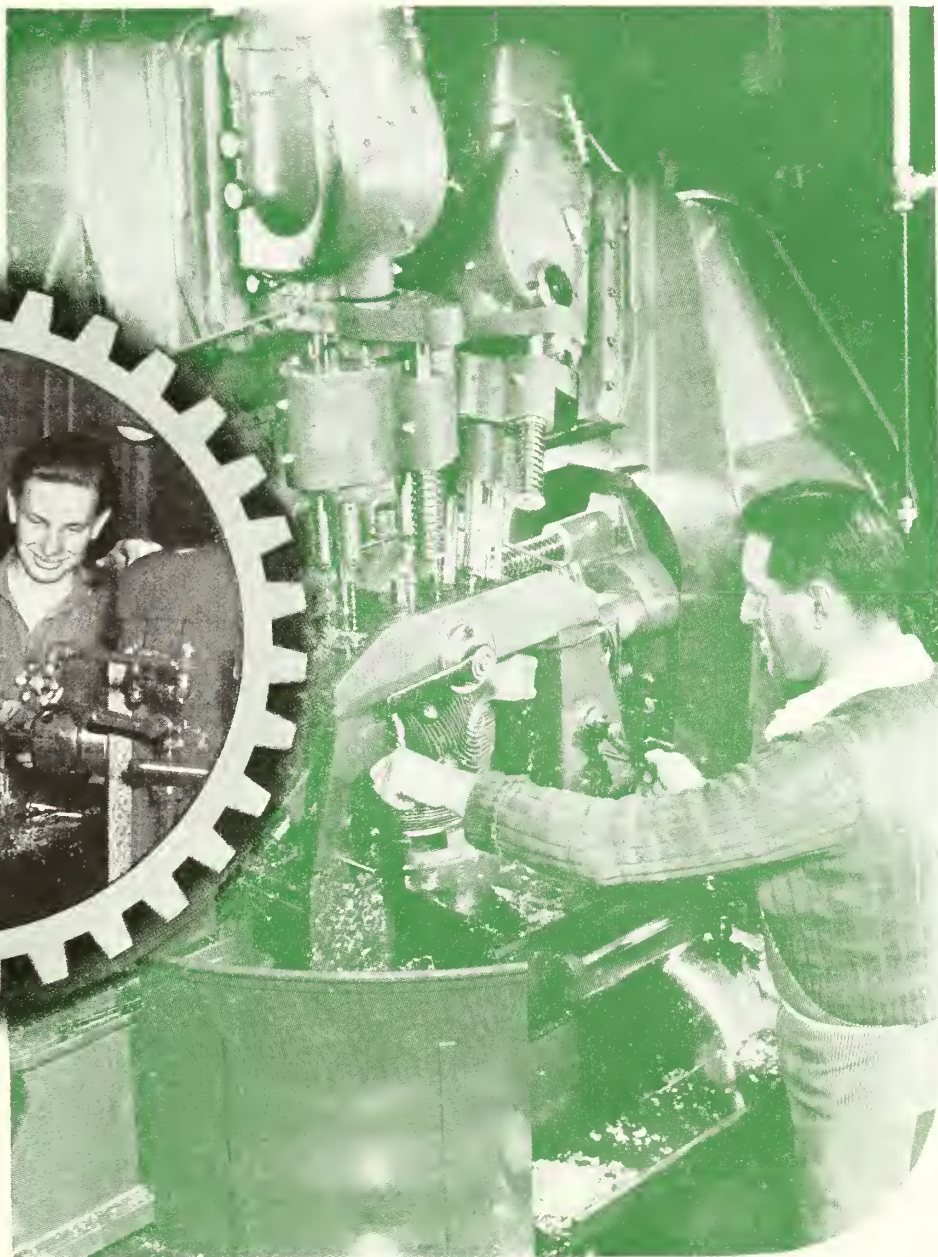
Do you realize that an automatic screw machine, tooled up to make bullets, has to operate 24 hours a day for nearly two and a half days, to produce as many armor-piercing bullets as a single 50-caliber machine gun can fire in one hour? And this doesn't include the copper jacket, the brass case or the powder, all of which require additional equipment.

True, the country is making heroic progress toward national defense. But have you any conception of what a tremendous job this defense is to be? Take

simple figures. The Panama Canal cost \$280,000,000, including the \$25,000,000 we paid to Colombia and all that it cost to clean up the many slides. Our nation today is spending at the rate of almost *three* Panama Canals a month! The military and governmental experts expect by the end of the year to be spending for national defense at the rate of *four* Panama Canals a month!

Our own machine tool industry, which turns out about \$150,000,000 in a normal year, stepped up its production to \$450,000,000 in 1940 and is now confidently planning on producing \$750,000,000 in 1941. Many of the machines being built call for new designs, new shop procedures, besides working within incredibly close tolerances. In machine tools alone, our American workmen must produce the equivalent of three Panama Canals this year. And all of these for national defense.

"I can see the problem, and mechanically I can see the answer," said a
(Continued on page 44)



today you need eighteen men in industry?

Do you realize that a modern airplane consists of 15,000 parts, exclusive of 8,000 parts in its engine and thousands of rivets—and that each of these parts requires dozens

Lady Hamilton and her Nelson

William Hamilton is so insane he intends to marry Emma Lyon? Mr. Romney, you live in your studio; you're probably not aware that the present Kingdom of Naples includes all South Italy and the Two Sicilies. Naples is

This play, which with startling clearness ties in the drama of control of the Mediterranean in the Napoleonic wars with the struggle now going on between Britain and Nazi Germany for the same end, was written by Mr. Tarkington for radio presentation. Arrangements for its being presented with the distinguished American actors Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in the principal parts have been in progress, but as yet no date has been set for the première

(On a day in September, Seventeen ninety-one, middle-aged Mr. George Romney, the celebrated painter of the English aristocracy, is in his London studio painting the Duchess of Bewley.)

THE DUCHESS: Mr. Romney, I do hope you're not making me look like that outrageous model of yours. You make all the women you paint look like her.

ROMNEY: No; my picture will not make you look like Emma Lyon, your Grace.

THE DUCHESS: You've painted this Emma Lyon as Ophelia, Joan of Arc,

Saint Cecelia—how many times have you painted her?

ROMNEY: Fifty—sixty—seventy times. I don't know.

DUCHESS: (amused) Lud-a-mercy, why don't you marry her?

ROMNEY: Turn your head a little more to the light, your Grace.

DUCHESS: Your Emma Lyon was once somebody's *cook*, wasn't she? And since then the light of love of—several gentlemen? Our dusty old Ambassador to Naples, Sir William Hamilton, has made her his paid companion for the last year or so, hasn't he?

ROMNEY: Madam, Sir William Hamilton is dusty and old; but he is also a paragon of taste. He worships Miss Emma Lyon as he would a statue by Praxiteles.

DUCHESS: (laughing) Oh, she's a Greek statue, then?

ROMNEY: No, the most natural spirited bright creature in the world. (In a different tone.) There, your Grace, the sitting is finished and I must put another canvas on my easel. There. Do you like this?

DUCHESS: Another portrait of Emma Lyon! This time you've made her look quite regal.

ROMNEY: Yes, I've painted her as the Ambassadors of England to the Court of Naples.

DUCHESS: (astounded) Ambassadors! Old Sir Wil-

a kingdom that is the very heart of the Mediterranean and of England's Mediterranean policy, Mr. Romney.

ROMNEY: (complacently) So I've heard, Madam.

DUCHESS: But, Mr. Romney, the Queen of Naples is the proudest woman in Europe! She is the daughter of the

The death of Nelson



THE VICTORY AT THE BATTLE OF

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Empress Maria Theresa of Austria!
 ROMNEY: (*dryly*) Yes, Madam. I'm also aware that the Queen of Naples is the sister of Marie Antoinette of France.
 DUCHESS: Then don't you perceive the

EMMA: If you do not I'll cry!
 SIR WILLIAM: (*A kind, dry elderly voice*) Emma, this lady is the Duchess of Bewley. Your Grace, may I present Lady Hamilton? She has just



TRAFALGAR OCTOBER 21



1805 AFTER BREAKING THROUGH THE ENEMYS LINE

calamity for England—Emma Lyon Ambassadors to Naples?
 ROMNEY: (*dryly*) No, Madam.
 (*Knock at the door. Sound of door's opening and the deferential voice of the servant is heard.*)
 SERVANT: Mr. Romney, if you please. Sir William and Lady Hamilton.
 ROMNEY: (*loud and delighted*) Emma!
 EMMA: (*with excitement*) Dear Mr. Romney!
 ROMNEY: I beg your ladyship's pardon! I must not call you "Emma" any more.

this hour done me the honor to become my wife.
 EMMA: Your Grace's most humble servant!
 DUCHESS: (*In a cold voice. Her tone is somewhat skeptical throughout.*) Lady Hamilton—Sir William—I felicitate you.
 ROMNEY: My portrait of the Ambassadors needs just two touches more. Lady Hamilton, will you take the pose?
 EMMA: No, Lady Hamilton will not!

Emma will. There. Is this right, Mr. Romney?
 ROMNEY: Yes, but you must talk, if the likeness is to be a speaking one.
 EMMA: (*gayly*) Talk? Will your Grace help me to chatter?
 DUCHESS: Yes, speak of what you most love, Lady Hamilton—next to your new husband, of course. Do you love—being Ambassadors?
 EMMA: I should if there were glory in it.

(Continued on page 46)

"Smearing

the minds of Kids"

"It is only a small college," said Daniel Webster of his alma mater in arguing, successfully, before the Supreme Court of the United States the celebrated Dartmouth College case, "and yet there are those that love it." One of them is Bill Cunningham of the class of 1920. A great center on a great Dartmouth football eleven, Bill's articles appear daily in forty newspapers through the United States. Dr. Harold O. Rugg, the "Frontier Thinking" textbook writer Bill attacks, is a member of the Dartmouth class of 1908

DR. HAROLD O. RUGG,* of Teachers College, Columbia University, is, like myself, a graduate of an innocent victim, Dartmouth College, a venerable, orthodox, loyally American institution with a record of service predating the Revolution to prove it. Dartmouth is not to be blamed for Dr. Rugg and his school textbooks. They don't teach his kind of Americanism there. At least they didn't when he attended the place.

Maybe he's insinuated some of his sort there since, for Dartmouth, in common with several of the old line, endowed colleges, especially of the East, has balked in the traces when shown the flag and a gun. Nobody can blame the kids. The blame belongs to the likes of Dr. Rugg and the type of "liberalism" he and his subtly poisonous kind have been spoon feeding American youth for the past twenty years.

I heard the distinguished president of Dartmouth, Dr. Ernest Martin Hopkins, confess "the failure" of modern American education in terms of the present crisis. He spoke for all colleges that were having pacifistic trouble (and most of them were) during the spring of 1940. He was inferentially condemning the type of pedagogy fed out by Rugg, although he didn't mention that particular gentleman by name and probably wasn't even thinking of him at the time.

But I've never seen grayer tragedy on the face of a man. Our emotions have been through much since, and we're more

*Not to be confused with Dartmouth's noted librarian, Harold G. Rugg, a scholarly, universally respected alumnus.



Cartoons by
John Cassel

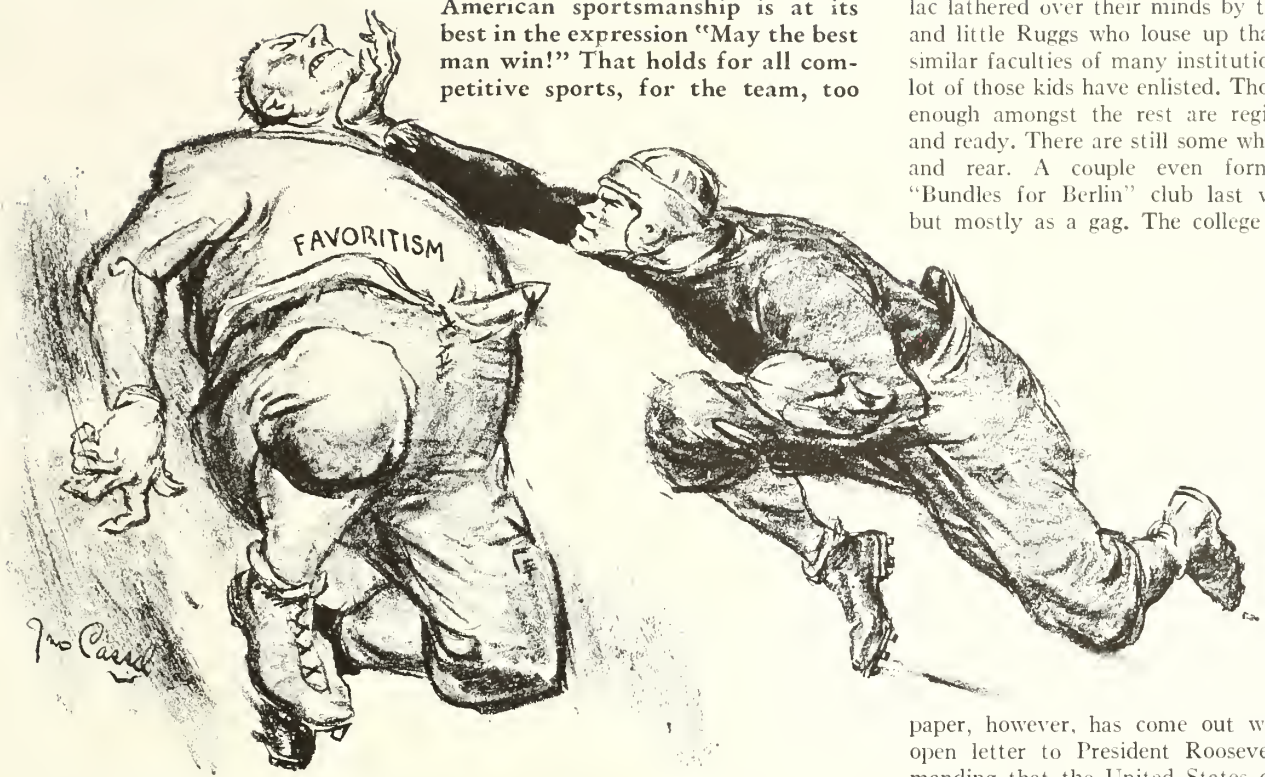
accustomed to taking it from the front pages day after day. At that time, however, the blow was brutal and new. Germany had slugged Norway, beaten England out of the place, had swarmed across the Low Countries and the war was in the phase of the French surrender and Dunkirk.

An annual feature of the Dartmouth commencement is an informal talk by the president to the members of the Alumni Council, the Alumni Council being some 36 outstanding alumni elected by their brethren in the various geographical districts of the entire United States to come back to the college twice a year and confer with each other and the college about general college matters. They thereupon return to their tepees and report, thus keeping the entire alumni family informed. Perhaps you've heard of the celebrated "Dartmouth Spirit." Dartmouth men take it so seriously and hold to it so fiercely that we often bore others with it, and make ourselves look like perennial sophomores because of it. I'm not out to argue that phenomenon here, but to say that this is where a lot of it comes from and is how it's kept in operation.

Naturally, the talk of the president, informal, off the record and straight from the feed box, is the standard highlight of the meeting. He's a big man. He was a businessman, not a scholar, when he was inaugurated 25 years ago, this being his Silver Anniversary, by the way. He served in Washington during the last war. He's in Washington now, as a vitally important sub-chairman of the intensely vital O. P. M.

American sportsmanship is at its best in the expression "May the best man win!" That holds for all competitive sports, for the team, too

lac lathered over their minds by the big and little Ruggs who louse up that and similar faculties of many institutions! A lot of those kids have enlisted. Those old enough amongst the rest are registered and ready. There are still some who balk and rear. A couple even formed a "Bundles for Berlin" club last winter, but mostly as a gag. The college news-



But, as I said, his face was gray and tired and for the first time he looked old as he stood there before us, just a year ago. He didn't start with the usual wisecrack. His smile wasn't there. His first words were:

"Gentlemen, your college has failed you. It has failed you and me, and the nation to which it has always been so fiercely and eagerly loyal. The fault is ours—we who have charge of supervising its instruction. It is now obvious that we—all colleges, or most of them, at any rate—have been following the wrong course.

"We have thought the right way was to advise our young men to look at all things objectively, to take nothing for granted, but to examine all sides of every question and make up their own minds. We have allowed certain skepticisms to grow up unchallenged. We have permitted minds to take liberties with things that are vital and venerable in our American way of life. We have let students believe that America was propagandized into the last war, that the college students of that past and glorious generation went like dumb, driven cattle to their destruction and death.

"We have stressed the ingratitude of Europe, the repudiation of the war debts, the expense, the futility, the enormous and lasting burden of it all. We have even permitted students and instructors to examine our democratic form of government critically, and to discuss the possibility that maybe some other ways are better.

"We are now reaping the tragedy of our error. Of course, we never saw the possibility of the thing that has happened to the world. We thought we were building and teaching for peace. We hoped

By BILL CUNNINGHAM

our students would become broader, better-educated and better-thinking Americans, less likely to be trapped in the same set of circumstances.

"Don't blame them for these peace demonstrations, the recent mass meeting against registration, the petition for peace recently sent to President Roosevelt. Blame us who didn't prepare them for this sort of crisis. Naturally they're bewildered and confused and unstable. It's easy to see now, in terms of solid value to America, where, a few years ago instead of allowing the myth to run unchecked that the college students who went to war in '17 went like a lot of sheep, we should have taken a long step in the other direction.

"We should have affirmed our pride in those patriots, should have honored them, eulogized them, even glorified them, and their brave and keenly conscious sacrifice. We should have accorded recognition to The American Legion as a gallant and vital force in our American system, instead of the smart-Aleck treatment it sometimes received. But the trouble was, we couldn't see what was ahead for the world. We thought we were building intelligence. It didn't strike us that perhaps we were building it at the sacrifice of loyalty. . . ."

I FEEL free to report that speech now because a year has passed, and the picture has sufficiently changed. The true American in most of those kids finally wore through the ideological shel-

paper, however, has come out with an open letter to President Roosevelt demanding that the United States declare war on Germany without any more stalling around or any further excuse.

The pendulum has swung.

Dartmouth has her guts again.

I cite this to show that the president of his own college has denounced, repudiated and damned as dangerous to America, the type of pedagogy with which Comrade Rugg and his surreptitious sort are weakening and smearing the minds of kids in this nation. President Hopkins didn't mention Rugg. He probably wasn't thinking of Rugg. I'm the one that's making the comparison, but I heard what he said, and I know what he meant.

I, personally, lack the credentials to swap swats with Herr Rugg in the pedagogical ring, but he has finally wandered over into a zone where I can get a good swing at him, and I herewith proceed to knock out what passes for his brains. I understand that part of his prescription for a greater and more intelligent educational system calls for the abolition of sports, especially intercollegiate sports, upon the ground that they have "no educational value whatever."*

In what sort of educational system, Professor? (Continued on page 35)

* Dr. Rugg's views on intercollegiate athletic competition were expressed most clearly before the Australia-New Zealand Conference of the New Education Fellowship in 1937, and were reported in the *New Era* (England) for January, 1938. In the classic British style of indirect discourse, a provincialism that persists among certain magazines and newspapers in England in spite of the late Sir Isaac Pitman's shorthand efforts, the *New Era* had Dr. Rugg saying: "The experimental schools of the United States were wiping out intercollegiate competition on the sports field, as they were considered to be a pernicious influence in the training of young people and had no educational value whatever."

Hibb lunged for Alcot and
Alcot let him have it again

THE trees out that window were as thick as a cat's fur in winter; but the shadows they cast were no deeper than those in Celinda's dark gray eyes. Which was because of the figure at the split rail fence behind the house where the waterfall of Cling's Creek spread its twenty-foot veil.

"Go on out to him," said Celinda's Aunt Anna.

Celinda's Aunt Anna was practical, competent and courageous, but above all things she was practical, and she had been properly married when she was fifteen. She was twenty-four now, with no sons, which was a bitterness to Uncle Mahlon with seven hundred acres of wilderness to clear.

"Go out to him," repeated Aunt Anna. "He's waiting for you even if he don't want to show it."

Linda knew that as well as Aunt Anna. And she knew as well as Aunt Anna that, from a practical standpoint, George Hibb was the best man in Penn's land to have waiting for her. Six feet three, with a torso like a tree-bole and with bare calves like corded wood beneath the tight knees of his homespun, he was a man to handle men. Prosperous, too, with his lime burning.

"You'll never do better," said Celinda's aunt.

LINDA looked out the window with shaded eyes. She was tall, with white skin that tanned slowly, night-black hair, and a man's strength in her straight back. George Hibb was being rather practical, too, when he loitered at the back fence of this house.

"Soon you'll be twenty," said Aunt Anna sharply.

"A girl must go slow," Linda murmured.

"For two years George has hung around. He won't do that forever."

"A girl must know her mind," said Linda. And she had said this while patience rode Anna's eyes, then annoyance, and finally, now, almost open anger.

"Do you want to be an old maid? Go on!"

Thus pushed, Celinda went out the rear door of the rough stone house. She went up to George Hibb, and he straightened from the top rail of the fence and took from between his teeth the foxtail stem that had been tilted there.

"Hello, Lindy," he said. "I kind of thought maybe your Uncle Mahlon would come out. I heard from a man down York way how to keep cider from souring. You just put in a little pearl ash, and keep it extra tight corked. Mahlon was asking."

"Uncle Mahlon's in the meadow," said Celinda; and her voice, as always, seemed



A girl

more quiet than most voices. "I'll call him—"

"No need to," said George. "You can tell him about the cider. It's good to see you, Lindy, as long as I'm here."

Birds flashed among the massive branches over their heads, and a touch of sun slanted down the hill onto George's red-brown hair, and it was amazing how little Linda ever found to say to this man.

"Lindy," George said, in a tone she knew well, "you know how I feel about you."

Linda looked toward the squat stone house and past the house where the land was cleared; a lot of it cleared, for Uncle

Mahlon Harbrough was an industrious man. And she heard words she knew well in a tone she knew well.

... man needs a woman in a new land ... a man needs sons and a home. ...

"You're going to marry me anyhow, Lindy, some time or other. Why don't we do it now and not waste time?"

Linda thought of not marrying George; and then she thought of John Hatter, whom she detested, and Amos Fall, who was shorter than she and weighed two hundred and forty pounds, and Dutchy Voorten, who even in a new land was



Illustrated by
Harvey
Dunn

must go slow

remarkable for the carelessness of his sanitary disposals, and then she stopped thinking. Because there was only George Hibb and she knew it; George to the left of her and George to the right of her, and George behind her and ahead of her.

"A girl has to know her mind, George," she said, dark gray eyes on the cleared land past the sturdy shoulder of the stone house.

So George, who must have been coming slowly up to this for some time,

caught her heavily by the shoulders and drew her to him. "You know your mind, really," he said, "Lindy—"

Celinda was as surprised as George at the swift strength of her two hands pushing against his chest. She was surprised and a little appalled at the look of his face as he watched her eyes. She scarcely heard the things he said, then, and hardly was aware of seeing him leave; for she was sitting on the ground on her doubled legs and wondering what had made her

hands fly out like that. There was only George, and she was lucky. Hadn't she eyes to see the husbands neighbor girls had drawn from the sparse grab-bag hereabouts in these days of the 1770's?

So she sat there without reckoning time, though there were dozens of things to do in the house and and though it grew cool with the sun over the hilltop. And when a voice said easily, almost at her side, "Hello," she said, "Hello," back again without quite realizing the actuality of either greeting or response. And then, with a gasp, she got to her feet.

The horse was good but nothing special; and the man wore homespun and broad-brimmed hat as others did. There was nothing elegant about the young man, he hadn't even a sword; but somehow, on the chestnut mare, he looked as if he'd had lace at his throat and a powdered wig on his head.

"May I water my horse?" asked the man, smiling down at the dark gray eyes.

There were local smart answers to such a request, with a creek at the horse's hooves, but Linda made none of them. Standing there on graceful bare feet and looking at the young man's saddlebags and brassbound box behind the saddle, instead of into his amused brown eyes, she only nodded. And the man got off the horse and it dipped its muzzle into Cling's Creek.

He was nearly as young as she was, Linda saw. And nearly as tall as George Hibb, though not looking it because George had forty pounds on him in weight.

"You live in there?" he asked, nodding to the nearby house. And where else would she have lived?

"Yes," she said.

"A nice house," he said. "A good, honest house. Am I far from an inn?"

"No," said Linda. She pushed the thick black (Continued on page 38)

By **PAUL ERNST**

Greenland

GOES U.S.

ICELAND. Greenland. Newfoundland. The names suggested a frost until suddenly war melted them into the red-hot stuff of crisis. Today, the Northern Lights reveal those distant shores as stepping-stones along a Northeast Passage that could be a warpath between the Old World and the New; those icy mountains of the famous hymn as strategic peaks dominating that path. It was between Greenland and Iceland, you will remember, that the great battle cruiser *Hood* of the British navy was sent to the bottom by the *Bismarck* of the Germany high seas fleet, late in May. Three days later the British sank the *Bismarck*.

For strategy today strikes not alone through land-power and sea-power, but through air-power. The change may have heavy import for us. Hence we are taking urgent measures that, we are assured, "will do more for the safety of this country against any air threat coming out of the Atlantic . . . than any other phase of defensive planning." So says Major General H. H. Arnold, who is the Army's foremost airman, and our North-

east Passage is his alley. Before we explore it—one guidepost.

Foremost factor in long-distance air strategy is the heavy bomber. The new Nazi Focke-Wulf ranges four thousand miles. Now, it is 6200 from Southampton to New York and return. But it is 3400 from Southampton to Newfoundland and back. North of that distances are shorter, much shorter. Which is only one fact of many that do not appear on the surface to those outlandish lands—Ice, Green and New. Newfoundland is not new but almost senile; wellnigh the only green in Greenland is the topknot ribbons of unmarried mothers; Iceland is not ice-bound, its climate resembles Maine's. None of these lands is a total polar waste, pathless for sea-power and especially for air-power; they quite practicably connect us with Europe and Europe with us.

Iceland is in Europe, 600 miles north of Scotland. It is just south of the Arctic Circle, but the Gulf Stream makes Reykjavik ice-free and in summer its 40,000 people wonder when it's bedtime, for there

are twenty daylight hours. During winter's Arctic nights there are electric lights, telephone, 2,000 automobiles, movies, a swing band and pretty girls.

They had never seen a soldier, for Iceland had no army, but now see thousands, British and Canadians whose cannon, kept heated in winter for instant readiness, stare eastward toward . . .

Toward Norway, only 750 miles away, where are the Nazis, who also have Denmark, Iceland's Motherland. Some 850 miles from Iceland to the southeast lies Glasgow, which explains



The town is Julianehaab, on the coast a hundred miles northwest of Cape Farewell, southern tip of Greenland. The photo-montage is of American bombers. They could do it, for the Yanks are there



the Briton's presence. And 1400 miles away looms southeast Newfoundland, which explains the Canadians, for there they have the world's largest flying field, and a 2800-mile round-trip should not feaze a 4,000-mile bomber. From Reykjavik to Greenland's southern tip is 840 miles and thence to Boston some 2000 airline miles. Explaining why Greenland's icy mountains now loom for Americans as not just words in that hymn, but cold reality.

Solid reality, too; a thousand feet

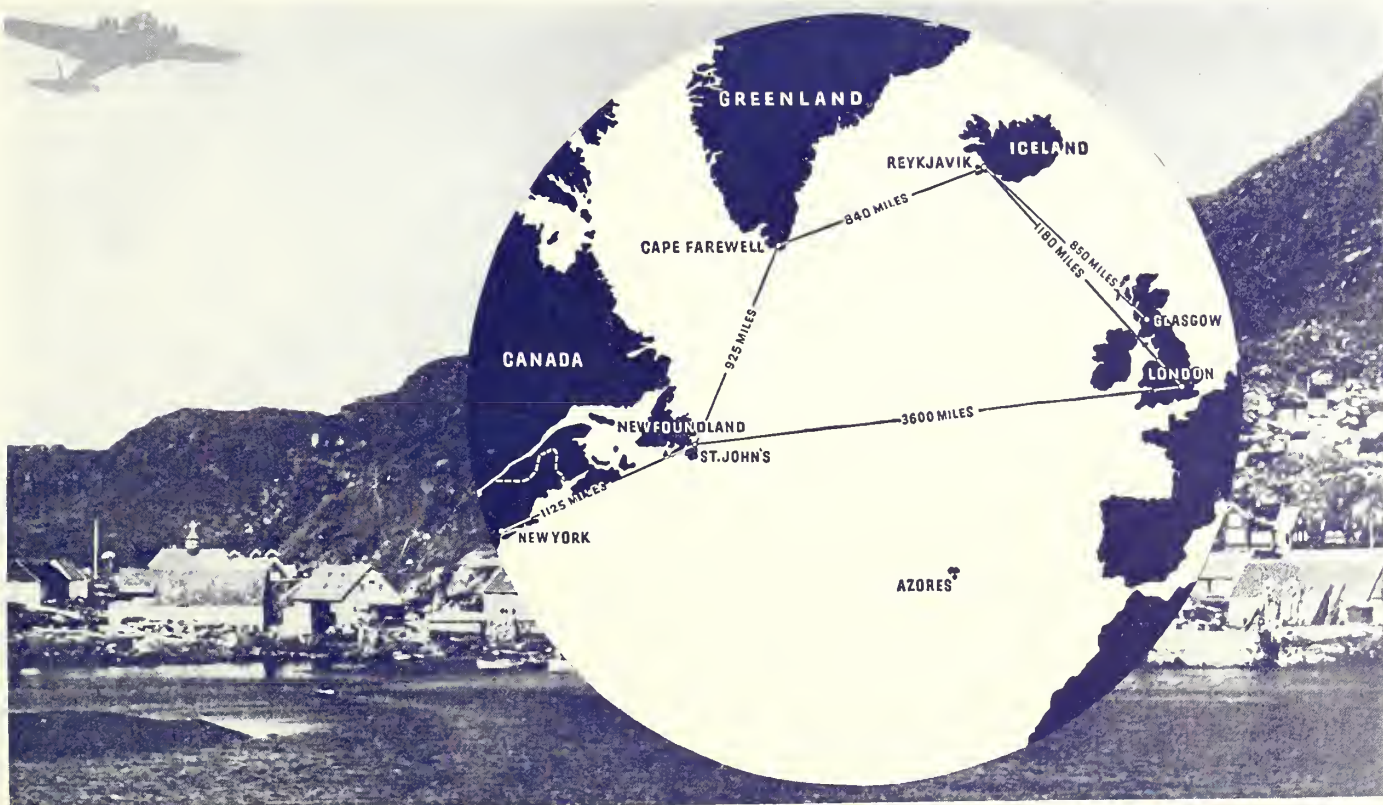
By **THOMAS
M. JOHNSON**

deep; 705,234 square miles; the polar ice cap that makes the world's largest island unique, frozen stiff.

It covers all of the island but 30,000 square miles of rockbound coast where 20,000 Eskimos and 400 Danes cling through fog, flies, cold, and storms. From this great American frigidaire icebergs slide down and blizzards whirl southward to us, causing many of our chilblains and shipwrecks. Greenland is our principal bad-weather factory. When Hitler invaded Denmark which owns Greenland, and Greenland's weather stations stopped broadcasting, some of ours almost stopped predicting.

As Washington peered northward, Greenland peered south. Its European trade blockaded by Britain, it starved. Its trees are creepers, its grass is tufts, its "farms" are almost literally doormat-size. Staple exports are shark-liver, whale blubber, blue-fox skins and cryolite. And its meteorological stations could predict air raid weather over Britain, so it feared Nazi invasion. Its Parliament of sweat-shirted Eskimos radioed Washington: "Come up and help us."

"Blow the whistle!" ordered Lieuten-
(Continued on page 57)



DOWN--AND *Out?*



BEING SOME OF THE REASONS BACK OF THE COLLAPSE OF THE ITALIAN WAR MACHINE BEFORE HITLER TOOK OVER

JUST eleven years back from the time this appears in print, I had the good fortune to spend the better part of ten days in the company of Benito Mussolini. In the journalistic caravan which strung along with Il Duce over a good part of lovely Tuscany and Lombardy, Ralph Forte of the *Chicago Daily News*, now of the United Press, and myself, then of the Associated Press, were the only Americans in on the trip from start to finish; from the take-off at Grosseto, down in

the Ligurian marshlands, to the apotheosis in Milan, the birthplace of the now pretty thoroughly discredited Fascist party which for the past eighteen and a half years has ruled Italy.

We saw the big Black Shirt private army strutting around, all along the way, in every village and town. We saw some 14,000 spick and span Regulars stage a bang-up review for the Leader on the big race-course outside Florence. And at Leghorn, on the coast, we not only saw some sleek, trim, fast-looking naval

IN 1796 Napoleon's army invaded Italy. He told the Italians he had come to break their chains.

TO the French Directory, his superiors, he wrote: "We will levy twenty million francs in exactions in this country; it is one of the richest in the world."

TO his soldiers he said: "You are famished and nearly naked . . . I lead you into the most fertile plain in the world. There you will find great towns, rich provinces, honor, glory, riches. . . ."

THE troops of Hitler, 1941's Napoleon, have taken over Italy. What is he telling the Italian government, the Italian people, his German soldiers?

Cartoon by
Will Graven

By HUDSON HAWLEY

craft of all descriptions, but witnessed the march-past of as fine, upstanding a corps of midshipmen as could be found anywhere East of Annapolis, Maryland.

But now, as I write, along in the Spring of 1941, the Black Shirts, led mostly by blustering politicians instead of career soldiers, have been most soundly thrashed by foreign foes, whatever might be their prowess with bludgeons, carbines, pistols and castor oil bottles on a cowed civilian population at home. The Army, reborn after the withering blight of the Caporetto rout in October, 1917, and which looked to both Forte and me in 1930 to be a really formidable fighting force, has been taking a thumping shellacking from the mountains of Albania to the uplands of Ethiopia by not only our old allies, the Tommies, but by the once-sneered-at skirted Greeks and the primitive ebony Abyssinian tribesmen, ever since October of 1940. But what hits me the hardest is the thought that, beyond a doubt, a ghastly number of those splendid young specimens of Italian manhood whom Ralph and I watched doing their snappy parade-step at the Royal Naval Academy in Leghorn have dived down to death in their once imposing-looking and speedy ships under the sledge-hammer blows of John Bull's broadsides, and are now lying at the bottom of the Red or the Ionian Sea. Down to Davy Jones's locker, in their late twenties and early thirties; and for what?

Now before I go into the reasons for what at present writing seems to be the general bust-up of Fascist military might, when it was not backed or led by the once-hated "blond beasts from over the Brenner,"—what irony!—I'd like to tell you a bit about the setup of the Royal Naval Academy, as I was privileged to know it, eleven years ago. The corps consisted of a picked bunch of youngsters, all well over the average height of Italians, drawn from all the provinces of what is, after all, whoever may misrule it, a sturdy, male land — tough, towering redheads from Venice and its hinter-



Artillerymen of the Italian Army of the Po being inspected by Il Duce. Below, a lone British soldier leads hundreds of Italian prisoners in Libya

land, throw-back blond boys from Sicily—yes!—with the blood of their old Norse Viking forbears in their veins; brown-haired lads from the valley of Aosta, who spoke a French dialect among themselves; swarthy, stalwart sons of Naples and Calabria, whose ancestors had been going down to the sea in ships since the beginning of time.

We make a fatal mistake when we think of Italians as all one race, all one somber complexion. That nation of 45,000,000 is as much an ethnical melting-pot as our own. I lived in it for over three and a half years and should know . . . Well, the corps of cadets there at Leghorn was as fine an upper cross-section of Italian manhood as anyone could hope to see. And how Mussolini beamed with, for once, justifiable pride when he looked at those grand fellows!

All of us in the Duce's party attended the field-mass in the school barracks courtyard that Sunday morning in May,—yes, even Mussolini himself, the former atheist and Socialist, standing

bareheaded in a pouring rain! The altar was erected on a naval gun-carriage, I remember, and the cadets' own band rendered the liturgical music and Handel's Largo in a way worthy of a race of born musicians. Afterwards, at the official luncheon which preceded the Premier's big set-speech down by the docks of the famous old port, I singled out the Admiral-Commandant of the Academy, and, to break the ice, asked him the reason for those heavy ropes I saw

dangling out of all the dormitory windows.

To my dismay, seeing that I have always preened myself a bit on my Italian, the old sea-dog answered me in very passable English:

"D'ey are to get in and out of deir rooms!"

"Why, Admiral," I countered, "I saw you have doors, and staircases too!"

"No man in my-a command iss going to usse dose sissy, landlubber con-a-traptions!" he shot back. "Everya man here hass to climb up-a dosa ropes, hand-over-handa, as you say, to go to bed, or elsse he doessn't go to bed in his owna room, but slips in the guard-ahouse! Yesss, Sir! An' to get down from hiss room, for a dreel formation, or for a classa, he'ss got to climb down again, hand-over-handa, and make it snappy! Dot's de only way to mek a sailormanss's hands good an' tough!"

He screwed in his monocle, and beamed, as who should say, "Now I've put one over on this Yankee!"

Now I'd known all along, from my U. S. Navy friends, that most commands at Annapolis are executed at the double, and that discipline by the banks o'Severn has never been exactly puny. But I hadn't been prepared for such Spartan training. So I changed my course, and, a bit timidly, ventured:

"Admiral, what subjects in the school curriculum do you stress the most?"

Without batting an eyelash, he replied:

"You'lla laugh—but dey're English and boxing!"

"What, sir?" I came back, thinking I hadn't understood.

"Yess," he returned, "English and boxing! English first, because, w'eder we like it or not, it'ss de language of de
(Continued on page 53)



GIBRALTAR, SINGAPORE

THE World War stood out as a telling example of the decisive influence of sea-power. By their control of the seas, the Allies were able to draw the men and resources needed to keep the war going on every front—and over the seas, without challenge or serious difficulty, came the A.E.F. to help finish the job in 1918.

In these first stages of the Hitler war the land has begun by taking revenge over the sea. The highly perfected operation which burst forth on May 10, 1940, not only shattered the Allied line on the western front but changed the whole balance of naval strength and knocked out of the war at a single stroke even the most remote possessions of the French empire. From the standpoint of what might be termed the geographical basis of sea-power, there was never in history so swift and far-reaching a change in the map of the world as that which followed the signing of the French armistice. All this was brought about by a single dramatic stroke of land warfare. The German fleet contributed nothing

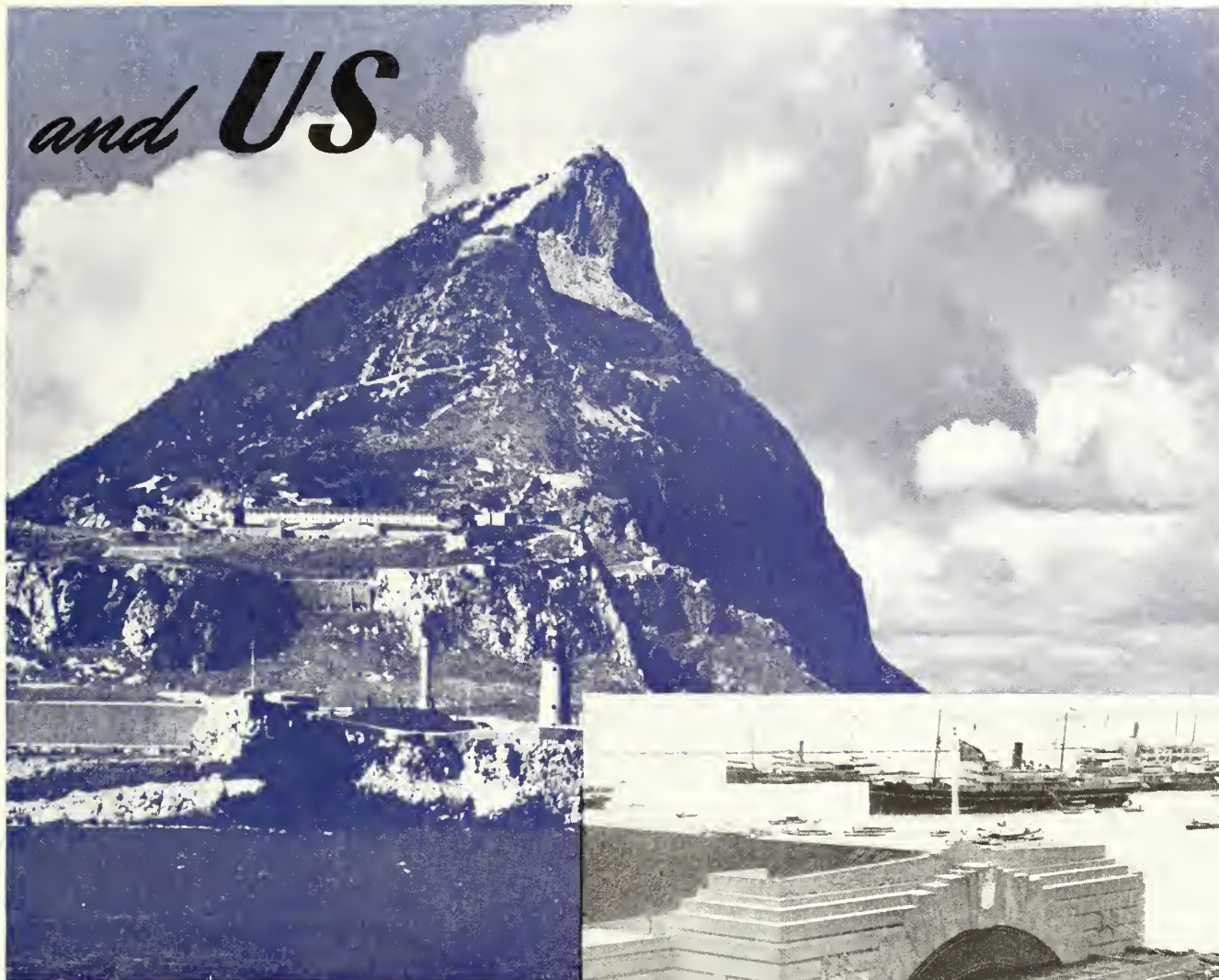
to this sweeping result, and the French fleet could not fire a shot to avert the blow which crushed the whole French empire. A skilfully managed attack of mechanized divisions on a 30-mile front ended by rearranging the whole pattern of sea-power from the British Channel to Singapore.

The change in the balance of sea-power, first of all, is the direct cause of the change for the worse in the struggle of Britain against U-boat warfare. Up to the time of the collapse of France that struggle, on the whole, had not been going badly. The devices for locating enemy submarines were much more effective than in 1918—and the British and French fleets together could patrol fairly well the danger zones near their coasts, which had been so fiercely attacked in 1917. The losses of merchant

By **T. H. THOMAS**



and US



The Rock of Gibraltar, a prime factor in Western Mediterranean strategy. At left, the roadstead from the Rock. At right, Clifford's Pier, Singapore



ships never reached the peak which the U-boats had achieved during the World War, while the new measures for sinking submarines proved to be thoroughly effective.

But the Allied anti-submarine campaign had rested upon the basis of the French and British air and naval forces joining hands in a common effort. By the terms of the armistice imposed on France all the French ships and planes had to knock off work; all the

French ports were closed to British vessels; and with a far wider danger zone to cover the British air force and the British fleet had to take on the job unaided. The fact that the British fleet still held command of the seas rather closed our eyes to the important role French destroyers and smaller craft had taken in anti-U-boat operations. By and large, we failed to realize the change this made in the balance of forces in the anti-submarine campaign in the waters around Britain. In addition, a considerable number of French submarines and destroyers were under construction or under repair in the ports of occupied France. All these passed directly into German hands, and many of them have long since been put to work under German crews in the war on British shipping.

The complete change in the Mediterranean cut down still further the balance of numbers the British fleet could

assemble against the U-boats in home waters. Up to June, 1940 the Mediterranean was not a theatre of war, and the French fleet had taken over the main task of standing on guard against Italy. But the collapse of France brought Italy in; and the whole work of patrolling the Mediterranean had to be taken over by British vessels and planes which were needed more badly than ever in the North Atlantic.

Last of all, Hitler's smashing breakthrough on the Western Front upset the whole geographical basis of the campaign against the U-boats in the waters around England. Throughout the World War and up to May, 1940 the sea-coasts of France and Britain stood squarely between the German U-boat bases and the Atlantic shipping lanes which formed their main hunting ground. The English Channel was tightly closed, and the U-boats could reach the important

(Continued on page 57)

Nope!! Not today
Children.....

A NICE QUIET 4th of JULY With No Fireworks -- By Wallgren

No shootin'-
crackers
this year
at all!



PAPA HAS JUST TOLD THE KIDDIES
THERE WILL BE NO FIREWORKS --

Peace and
Quiet-Ah!! z z
z z z z z z



AND HAS SETTLED DOWN FOR
AN AFTERNOON SIESTA --

!?!
Whango



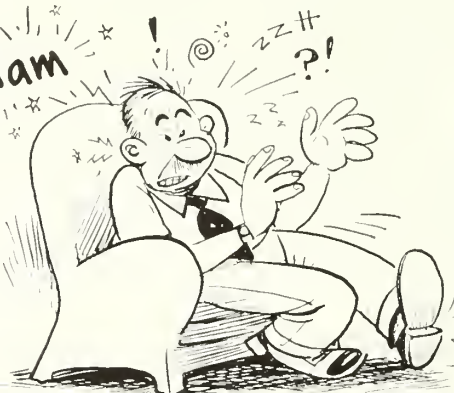
ONLY THE KIDDIES FORGET AND
LET THE SCREEN DOOR SLAM

Sigh



OH WELL - THEY WERE ON THEIR
WAY OUT - THANK GOODNESS --

Wham



AH! - THERE IT GOES AGAIN -
THEY SIMPLY CAN'T REMEMBER --

(Vocal Fireworks)



HE WANTS TO KNOW HOW OFTEN
HE'S GOT TO TELL 'EM ABOUT IT.

!?!
Thank heavens for
that z z z z z z



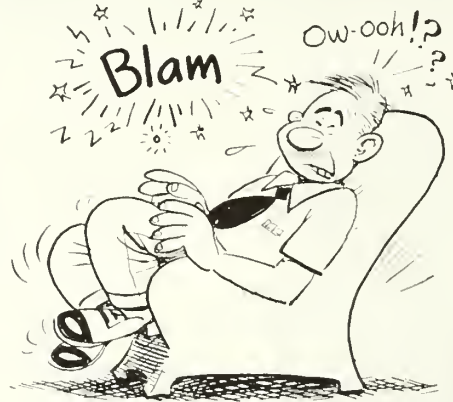
MOTHER SAYS SHE'LL TAKE THEM
FOR A RIDE WHILE HE NAPS --

z z z z z z



WHAT A BREAK - NOW HE'LL
REALLY GET A BIT OF SHUTEYE --

Blam



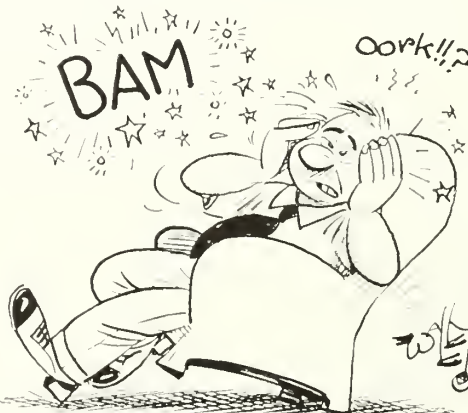
BUT NOT QUITE - THAT WAS ONLY
THE CAR BACKFIRING, AS USUAL --

Bing Bang
Bim Bang



WHY CAN'T WOMEN START A CAR
WITHOUT ALL THAT RACKET?

BAM



OW!! - THERE GOES A TIRE -
MAMA JUST HAD A BLOWOUT --

PLOPP



AND SO DID DADDY - SHELLSHOCKED
WITHOUT HEARING A SHOT FIRED.

BUY U. S. GOVERNMENT DEFENSE SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS.
THEY ARE THE SAFEST INVESTMENT IN THE WHOLE WORLD

EDITORIAL

FOURTH OF JULY, 1941

ON THE Fourth of July the United States of America will be one hundred and sixty-five years old. We shall celebrate our Independence Day this year with the consciousness that we live under the shadow of a greater peril than has been experienced by any generation of Americans, not excepting those who were alive in 1777, when Burgoyne was moving south in an attempt to cut the new nation in two, or 1863, when the full import of what had happened at Gettysburg was not realized in either the North or the South.

We know the plans of the Nazis for world conquest. We are girding against the day it may be necessary for us to get in there and stop the onward march of the most terrible military machine the world has ever known.

Having put our hand to the plough of an expanding national defense effort we are not looking backward mournfully to the comparative ease and comfort of the lush 1920's, when wishful thinking in its most insidious form, aided and abetted by the pinks and the reds in our midst, allowed the Army and the Navy to be sabotaged through insufficient appropriations. Rather we are going ahead to the end of the furrow, which will find us in position, with the effective aid of the able Dominion to the north of us and the great nations to the south, to preserve, protect and defend the whole of the Western World.

The National Executive Committee of The American Legion at its meeting early in May at Indianapolis re-

affirmed the Legion's support of the Government in its policy of giving aid to the democracies as a means of preserving to the world "the priceless right of freedom."

The President of the United States and the Congress will not be swerved from their determination as the representatives of the whole American people to do whatever needs to be done to carry out the will of the people. Knowing our history we can see the close analogy between the career of Napoleon in the first years of the nineteenth century and that of his imitator in Germany today. Those Germans whose memory goes back to 1917-'18 do not doubt that if we actively entered the war the Nazi power would eventually be crushed. The sole point around which debate in this country swirls is whether the advantages of insuring Hitler's defeat would be sufficient compensation for the undoubtedly tremendous sacrifices we should have to make. The German people know, in spite of what their leaders tell them, that after a year of preparation for God-knows-what America's military and industrial effort is now going ahead by leaps and bounds, and that it insures victory if we will use it to the limit.

MEANWHILE, as the President indicated in his late-May radio address, we are extending the scope of our naval patrol so that the goods will be delivered to the British and Chinese and Free French, and any other people who find themselves drawn into the cauldron of war by the terroristic Nazi aggression. The proc-

lamation by the President of an unlimited emergency summoned the people of this nation to the tasks lying before them. Said the President:

I call upon all the loyal citizens engaged in production for defense to give precedence to the needs of the nation to the end that a system of government that makes private enterprise possible may survive.

I call upon our loyal workmen as well as employers to merge their lesser differences in the larger effort to insure the survival of the only kind of government which recognizes the rights of labor or of capital.

I call upon loyal state and local leaders and officials to co-operate with the civilian defense agencies of the United States to assure our internal security against foreign-directed subversion and to put every community in order for maximum productive effort and minimum of waste and unnecessary frictions.

I call upon all loyal citizens to place the nation's needs first in mind and in action to the end that we may mobilize and have ready for instant defensive use all of the physical powers, all of the moral strength and all of the material resources of this nation.

The decision in the all-important matter of peace or war in the coming months must lie with the President and the Congress as representatives of the nation's will. That's where the Constitution of the United States puts that power. The American Legion has never questioned and will not in the future question the right of these two departments of the Government to take whatever action seems to them necessary to our survival as a nation. We pledge them our whole-hearted support, whatever their action may be.



For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America, to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness. — PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION



THE LEGION in Action!

A REPORT TO THE MEMBERSHIP ON WHAT IS BEING DONE IN NATIONAL DEFENSE

BECAUSE the national defense is a very large task, and The American Legion is a very large organization, and assisting the national defense is the number one task we selected for ourselves for 1940-41, it appears fitting that your National Commander report to the membership on this subject at a time when most of our Department Conventions are about to meet. The delegates to our next National Convention will have the task of formulating plans and policies for another Legion year. The membership, selecting delegates to the conventions, needs to take stock of what we have done, what we are doing, and what we shall do hereafter.

Writing this report more than a month before it can reach you in our magazine, I face a rapidly changing world. When you read this you will know of things which I could not know as I write. Nevertheless I hope this report will be useful in supplying facts for use in the work and plans ahead, be coming events what they may. As a public spirited civilian organization, very large in numbers, very devoted in purpose to serve our country, we of the Legion must watch, learn, understand all that we can to make our effort most useful. We must be objective, factual. We must make our decisions upon the facts as they are, not as we might wish them to be. We cannot spend much time worrying about the road which lies behind. We are here in the present hour of today, and life is from now on.

Our every action in the preliminary preparations to make the manpower of the Legion appropriately available in this emergency has been in keeping with the traditional policy of our organization to give unstinted support to the constituted authorities of our Government—locally, in the States, throughout the nation.

By **MILO
J. WARNER**

*National Commander,
The American Legion*



The Legion—At Your Service, Uncle

The President's order establishing the Office of Civilian Defense within the Office of Emergency Management was issued some days after we had reiterated our willingness to stand ready to serve both the President and the nation in this emergency period. The President has stated he is "fully aware of the importance of the role The American Legion can play in the defense of our national defense program and by virtue of its extensive organization the degree of assistance it is able to extend in any necessary home defense plans."

The Director of the Office of Civilian Defense, Legionnaire Fiorello H. LaGuardia, was advised of our willingness to serve "as an organized group of patriotic ex-service men in whatever capacities most productive for the welfare of the nation as a whole." In a preliminary reply the new Director of this important new agency of government

has acknowledged this offer, "I know, he said, that the country can depend upon the loyal, effective, and helpful co-operation of The American Legion and my fellow Legionnaires. There is much to be done and much that the Legion can do. As soon as we get organized I will again wire you so that we may take up immediately the necessary preliminary work."

What, then, has The American Legion done in aid of the national defense, what are we doing, what can we do and must we do as time moves on?

Our convention at Boston last September repeated with emphasis the basic defense policies stated in 1938 at Los Angeles and in 1939 at Chicago. It said: "We want America strong enough to meet any possible invasion before it arrives and to turn the invader back so that our homes remain intact and our families secure."

"If fighting is necessary to defend the United States, we insist upon being prepared to do the fighting outside of the United States."

In the same series of resolutions we said:

"We believe that a sound national defense policy for this country requires that we should at this time give all practicable aid to Great Britain and those aligned with her in their fight for freedom."

The entire defense policy of The American Legion in the months since the Boston convention has kept those resolutions in mind. As events developed in Europe and elsewhere we have studied them in the light of those resolutions. We sent a mission to England to study conditions at first hand. It reported to the National Executive Committee at a special meeting last March, and that committee advocates all possible aid to Britain with food, medicines, and war

means necessary" in the judgment of the Commander-in-Chief. I was asked if we favored "any means necessary" even if use of those means might bring our country into war. I replied that the term "short of war" did not appear in the resolutions of The American Legion. Our resolutions called for aid delivered to Britain as a sound national defense policy for the United States. The Legion has said nothing about a national defense "short of war." It said defense, whatever defense may come to mean.

I want the status of this policy of the Legion to be clear to every member as we approach another National Convention. It is better to call a convoy a convoy, and an act of war an act of war, than to retire behind words of double or uncertain meaning. As our continuing national defense policy is formulated at Milwaukee, let it be formulated with our eyes open. Many facts will be available then which are not known today. Be

watchful, members of The American Legion, be observant of facts, be prepared to chart our course upon the basis of all the facts existing as events move forward.

After twenty years of advocating Universal Service in time of war, we found events moving toward that objective a year ago. At Boston we approved the Selective Service Act and repeated our advocacy of Universal Service.

The American Legion has certainly contributed more manpower and womanpower of volunteer service to the operation of Selective Service than any other volunteer civilian organization. A majority of the state directors of selective service have been Legion members. The same is true of local selective service boards throughout the United States. That work is going forward, a self-sacrificing task for each worker, appreciated and understood by the national directors of the program and by the state leaders and by the Legion. Our reward is the knowledge that this defense task has been better done because there is an American Legion. It will continue to be done.

When the new Congress met in January the Legion offered a Universal Service bill, consisting of a simple amendment of the Selective Service Act to reduce the age limits and make the policy permanent. We suggested the ages 18 to 21 years. Since that suggestion was made numerous others have been proposed, and are before the Congress. Until or unless our next convention wills otherwise, we will urge upon Congress the determination of a permanent Universal Service, with age limitations adjustable to requirements but substantially lower than in the present act unless war conditions alter immediate necessities.

As war conditions abroad and defense plans at home developed, increasing attention was focused on the broad subject called home defense, volunteer defense, or civilian defense. I might define this subject as covering every national

(Continued on page 34)

TWO TELEGRAMS

*Honorable Fiorello H. LaGuardia
Mayor of New York City and
Director of Office of Civilian Defense
City Hall, New York City*

Previously, I have pledged the support of The American Legion to President Roosevelt emphasizing as well our willingness to serve as an organized group of patriotic ex-servicemen in whatever capacities most productive for the welfare of the nation as a whole. Upon the assumption of your new duties as Director of the Office of Civilian Defense I wish to reiterate to you the same pledge of coöperation and support given to our Chief, the President. The American Legion is one organization, I believe, fully aroused to the serious realities of the situation confronting our country and as National Commander I pledge you all possible support and coöperation. Heartiest congratulations upon this opportunity for increased public service.

MILO J. WARNER
National Commander

supplies, delivered to Great Britain. With emphasis on the word "delivered," that committee at its early May meeting resolved that the President as Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces make use of the United States Navy and its auxiliary forces in such manner as he should deem necessary to protect American ships and American seamen in connection with such delivery of aid to Britain.

As your National Commander I was asked, repeatedly, if those acts of our convention and our Executive Committee meant that The American Legion favored conveying supply ships to England by the American Navy. I replied, repeatedly, that they meant by "whatever

Commander Milo J. Warner

Your telegram did not surprise me. It was most gratifying and encouraging. I accept your kind offer and know that the country can depend on the loyal, effective and helpful coöperation of The American Legion and my fellow Legionnaires. There is much to be done and much that the Legion can do. I hope to see you some day next week. As soon as we get organized I will wire you so that we may take up immediately the necessary preliminary work. Thank you so much.

F. H. LAGUARDIA

Illustrated by
Will Graven

THE Iowa



By **FREDERICK
C. PAINTON**

EVERY so often, in these rambles through the Legion Departments of America, your roving correspondent gets stuck for a place to begin the story. There is so much to tell; so little space to tell it in. But it took the broad corn lands of Iowa to give me too many beginnings. To smother me with material.

For instance, I could start with a glimpse of sunny-haired little Maxine Neal, laughing and joyous, skipping across the street on her way to school. I could describe the roaring motor car bearing down on her, the sudden screech of brakes, the sickening squeal of sliding rubber—the unforgettable impact of the car on her body. I could show you a tall, gray-faced man who left a leg in France in 1918, clumping to the hospital to hold the pitifully broken body of his niece in his arms while she tried to smile—and died.

You would know, then, that he muttered through clenched teeth, "Some day, if I get the chance, I'll stop this kind of slaughter."

Years later that wounded veteran did get his chance. Robert W. Colflesh was elected Commander of the Department of Iowa in 1931.

By then Iowa had a reputation: It had 6,223 miles of improved highways, flat, fairly straight—inviting the heavy-footed driver to streak wide open. It had 673,036 motor car owners in the State.

So many, indeed, that when a politician bewailed the State's poverty in the depression and said they'd all have to move out, a farmer out front said dryly, "Well, we'll leave in our own cars."

With an automobile for every four inhabitants in the State, this was no exaggeration.

Iowa also had a dangerously high fatality total in highway accidents. Once upon a time people had said, "Don't drive through Iowa, you'll get stuck in the mud." Now, they said, "Don't drive through Iowa, you'll get killed."

Bob Colflesh became the Iowa Legion's leader, and that kind of talk stopped. The Department of Iowa has something which I'm going to try to describe later, and when it starts something it finishes it. The Highway Safety campaign that Bob Colflesh began struck at this slaughter. Legion safety signs dotted the State. Schoolboy patrols looked after kids around streets. A State Highway Patrol was authorized by the State Legislature. Punishment of drinking drivers was ruthless.

They're manning aircraft warning posts throughout the State

IDEA



Department Commander, Bob Shaw has been a Regular and Reserve soldier ever since he drove an ambulance in France in 1916, and Iowa's leading National Defense exponent for most of those years. He became Commander just as the Iowa National Guard was to be federalized, and the formation of a new Iowa Guard to replace it at home was an immediate necessity. And he was all prepared.

"The Iowa Department," he said, "is going to be helpful and no nuisance. Fifty percent of the new Guard will have Legionnaires as officers. And we've created a G-1, G-2, G-3 and G-4 to cooperate with national and State authorities down to manning aircraft warning posts throughout the State."

IT was Bob Shaw who saw that each local Legion Post arranged a banquet and send-off for the selectees called to training. And, working with an Iowa Auxiliary that races the Iowa Legionnaires in efficiency and membership, he has arranged that every man called into service receives weekly mail from home, and that the parents of the boys are not overlooked. Iowa gave its selectees a memorable Christmas. And this does not stop with selectees.

"A lot of Iowa boys enlisted, not for one year, but

The campaign of education in each school on safety went beyond anything I ever encountered anywhere else.

Children on bicycles had to register, and had to learn traffic rules and ordinances.

I commented on this to another Bob—Bob Shaw, present Department Commander.

"Why not?" he countered. "All those kids are potential motor-car drivers. They might as well know the rules now. And kids on bicycles on the highways—it gives me the shivers to think of it—have more safety if they know traffic rules and obey them. Then the passing motorist knows what to expect of them."

Yes, you could make a nice beginning, telling how Iowa cut the death toll on her highways.

Or I could begin by describing my first meeting with big, hearty Bob Shaw—lieutenant colonel of Reserves as well as



Yes, these Legionnaires out in Iowa connect the man and the job

A banquet and send-off for those called into service



three," he said. "They're in the service now; and Iowa has got to look after *all* its lads."

So this, too, would make a good beginning. But the editor of *The American Legion Magazine* said, "The story in Iowa is Community Service. Hanford MacNider gave the Community Service idea to the Legion at the San Francisco convention in 1923. It's known as the Iowa idea throughout the Legion. See what they do with it now."

This seemed excellent because, after all, Iowa won the James A. Drain national Community Service Trophy in 1931, and then four times straight from 1936 to 1939—and tied with Illinois and California for it in 1935. So with Bob Shaw, R. J. "Skin" Laird, and Frank Miles, editor of the *Iowa Legionaire*, I went into a huddle.

I came out of it one jump ahead of the heeby-jeebies.

In one room were bales of newspaper clippings reporting Post activities. Trunksful of reports. Good Godfrey, there were 6,141 separate Americanism activities in 1939-1940. Hundreds of specialized community service endeavors. Reports on thousands of children; hundreds of rehabilitation cases. A massive tome on Boys' State; hundreds of reports on Boy Scout troops fostered by the Posts. Hundreds of reports on veterans employment and veterans preference.

It would take months to read the mass of paper. And how could you give even an (Continued on page 56)

On WISCONSIN, *Tables set*

The Mouth-Watering Delicacies
the Badger State Features Are
Something to Write Home
About

TED and his wife had just come back to Milwaukee from a trip through Wisconsin, and had stopped in for an evening's visit. We got to talking about Wisconsin food, and about the lusty appetites the Wisconsin travelers develop.

"I haven't quite figured out," I remembered Ted saying, "just what happens to the ordinary eater when he gets into Wisconsin. Maybe it's our stimulating climate. Maybe it's the cool, clean atmosphere that makes appetites take on new life. Maybe folks who enjoy eating just naturally fall in love with the great variety of fine foods Wisconsin offers."

We never did decide the matter, but we did vow that some day we'd pool

land can you discover such variety of good food, served with uniform excellence and in almost unbelievable abundance.

Wisconsin is peopled with the sons and daughters of nearly fifty old-world nationalities; and while they have in common a devotion to this land of their choice, they have kept alive the good things of the past—their old pageants and festivals, their arts and crafts, and their cookery. I sincerely hope, whatever

By **FRANK
L. GREENYA**

*President, The American Legion 1941
Convention Corporation of Milwaukee*

our personal feelings toward the original homelands of some of these people, that we shall never again permit these feelings to spoil our appetites.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago we were at war with certain European peoples, and particularly the Germans. And we did many foolish things, such as calling sauerkraut "liberty cabbage" and changing German-fried potatoes to "American-fried potatoes." We have been pretty conscious of that here in Wisconsin, because many thousands of our good friends and neighbors, or their parents, came from Germany years ago, and here we have and enjoy in great variety, foods and cooking skills inherited from the old Germany. I hope that no 1941 brand of



Frank Greenya is himself pretty good evidence that Wisconsin feeds you well. At right, picnic parties by lake and river are an important part of the design for living in the Badger State

our eating experiences and write a book, "Through Wisconsin on a Knife and Fork."

The book is as yet unwritten, but its overtone would be:

When you come to Wisconsin, bring your appetite!! Nowhere in this broad



This big bass went into a frying pan as soon as caught, and so can yours, if you want it that way. At bottom of page, a canoeing party working up an appetite

nationalistic foolishness will lead anyone attending the National Convention in September to miss the gustatory delights to be found in the Sauerbraten, the Bratwurst, the Muenchener Kalbshaxen, the Apfel Pfannkuchen, and the other dishes found on so many Wisconsin menus. After a hundred years these gourmet's delights are just as American as roast beef, goulash, chili con carne, and apple pie.

As a matter of fact, it is often these German-style meals that Wisconsin visitors remember most. You'll find them throughout the State, especially in the eastern portion, but nowhere are they better than at a famous Milwaukee restaurant (Mader's), where you get a Schnitzelbank poster when you pay your check. This restaurant, its walls lined with signed photographs of the famous (Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans ate there twice the week of this writing), serves fabulous concoctions with wonderful names. Some I have noted in the preceding paragraph—the vinegar-marinated roast beef, the veal joint Munich-style, the apple pancake more than a foot in diameter. (The Bratwurst calls for a special paragraph of its own.)

The Deutscher Speckbraten, with dumplings and sauerkraut, will positively ruin your waistline. This is no less than two pounds of fried pork shanks, golden brown, and you will have to sit erect in

your chair to see over the top of it all!

There are many more German-style foods on Wisconsin menus, and many other fine restaurants. We'll leave you to discover them for yourself.

Beer, of course, is most often the accompaniment for meals such as these. You make your choice of any beverage, but the beer is there if you wish it. In addition to the big world-famous breweries in Milwaukee (of course you'll want to visit one), there are smaller breweries throughout Wisconsin, and there are no

two brews exactly alike. We don't know of anyone who ever had the hardihood to sample all seventy-two, but it could be done!

Beer leads us naturally on to Bratwurst. This is a pork sausage made especially for grilling over coals, and few are the picnics in Wisconsin without it. In the open air, the aroma of its grilling is nothing less than heavenly. If you would like to "discover" this perfect picnic sausage, and send some home to

(Continued on page 54)



23d NATIONAL CONVENTION, THE AMERICAN LEGION, MILWAUKEE, SEPT. 15th-18th



WHAT is community service? Ask a thousand Legion Posts for a definition and you'll get a thousand different answers, probably dealing with a specific program. But all will agree that community service is something that is done for the betterment of the community as a whole; for the greater safety of the citizens; for a fuller enjoyment of life and opportunities, and something that will make the home sector a better place in which to live.

is planned and designed to meet a community need, whatever that need may be. But there is one phase that goes on year in and year out, through good times and bad, in large communities and small. That is the humanitarian and life-saving program generally designated as hospital assistance, which runs through every aspect from emergency and ambulance service to completely equipped hospitals.

Some few years ago, while making his rounds of official visits, National Com-

mander Frank Belgrano in his addresses laid heavy stress on the community service work, and particularly the kind of thing that could be accomplished by Posts with small memberships located in rural or isolated sections. As an example he told of the service rendered by Amador Post at Jackson, California; in fact National Commander Belgrano made Amador Post and its ambulance one of the best known in the entire country.

Now comes a letter from Earl C. Jewell, Commander of Amador Post, who says: "I send you a picture of our

Front line SERVICE

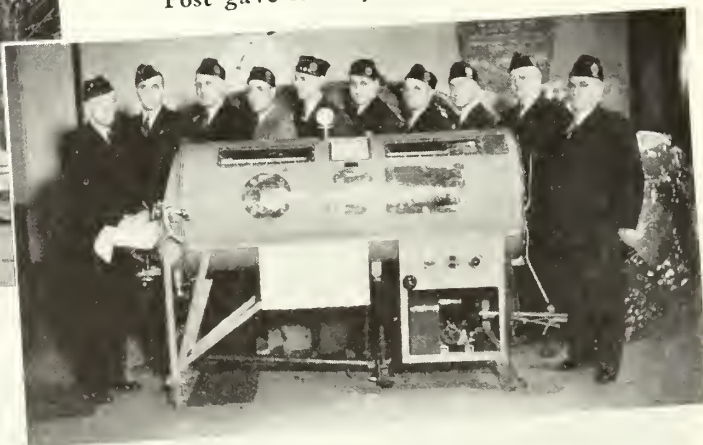
Thousands of projects of one kind or another, initiated and carried to completion by Legion Posts, are lumped together under the general term of community service. It does not necessarily follow that each program runs along in a fixed groove. Quite the contrary. Each community service program

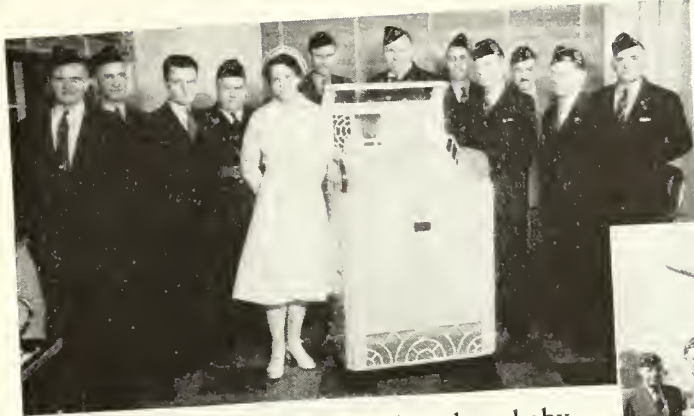


Frank J. Goldcamp Post, Ironton, Ohio, is another iron lung donor. Top, Havre (Montana) Post gave its city a \$3000 ambulance



Third ambulance placed in service by Amador Post, Jackson, California. Top, Blood Donor Club maintained by Frank S. Reynolds Post, Bakersfield, California. At right, iron lung purchased by the Posts of Buchanan County, Iowa





Earl Foust Post, Fostoria, Ohio, bought a baby incubator—two days later it was occupied by twins

Inglewood (California) Post made formal presentation of a portable iron lung to its home city. Bottom, Shenandoah (Pennsylvania) Post gave to its home town hospital a combination X-ray and fluoroscope



Presentation of a resuscitator and inhalator to Easton Emergency Hospital by Talbot Post, Easton, Maryland



third ambulance. The first one was bought in 1929, the second in 1937, this one in November, 1940. During the twelve-year period we have traveled 163,756 miles in answering 1,801 calls; most of our runs are to Stockton or Sacramento, both places fifty miles distant, but we frequently go to San Francisco. Never a year goes by without inquiries from Posts on our plan of operation. The ambulance project employs two Legionnaires—one full time driver and a part time secretary-manager. Our Post is county-wide, with a membership quota of 142 this year."

Commander H. M. Gilmore of Havre (Montana) Post reports the purchase of an ambulance at a cost of \$3,000 which was presented to the Post's home city and placed under the care of the city fire department, where it is available on a twenty-four-hour basis.

Another 1929 ambulance program is that of Murray-Troutt Post of Audubon, New Jersey, which is reported to the Step Keeper by Post Historian Edgar N. Danielson. And it is a fine record of service: the sixth ambulance is in service now and, in addition, the Post maintains and operates a first-aid car,

with a trained first-aid crew, ready to respond to any emergency call. This first-aid car, which was originally ambulance No. 4, is completely equipped, including a rowboat for service on water. Continuing its lifesaving service, Historian Danielson says, in addition to the 2,382 ambulance calls, Audubon Post has a blood donor group of fifteen members and, just recently, purchased an inhalator and oxygen tent. The Post has been frequently cited and commended for meritorious services in disasters—floods, fires, train wrecks, and the *Von Hindenburg* dirigible disaster.

Blood donor groups have increased during the past few months; new ones have been organized to serve in the home sector and others have volunteered

to give their blood for the war sufferers in England. The Frank S. Reynolds Post group of Bakersfield, California, under the direction of Legionnaire Wayne P. Nelson, has a fine record of more than forty individual transfusions. Another type of this same service is reported from Detroit, Michigan, where the Detroit Districts Association of the Legion has established a blood bank at the Henry Ford Hospital, the largest in the city. The project is under the direction of George C. Dollar, Community Service Chairman, who reports a prompt response to the appeal for volunteers. Seven other hospitals have been supplied with blood and plasma from the bank, and its use has been attended with most satisfactory results. The blood is free; it is for the use of all veterans and their families, for patients unable to pay for the blood from professional donors, and in cases where donors of a certain blood type are not readily available. "Give a pint of blood to save a life" is the appeal made by Chairman Dollar and his committee. The name of each donor is engraved on a scroll to be framed and displayed in the home Post.

Commendable as the blood bank service is—and it is the first Legion bank to be reported to the Step Keeper—



the Detroit Districts Association does not stop there. It goes all out for hospital assistance. Some time ago a full sized iron lung was purchased by subscription of the several Posts and Units and presented to Children's Hospital. Supplementing that gift, two portable iron lungs purchased with funds from the same source were presented to the same hospital on May 23d.

Iron lungs? Readers of this monthly review of Legion happenings need not be reminded of the number of respirators reported in these columns. It would be interesting to know just how many the Legion has made available for public use, and how many sufferers have been treated in these Legion lifesavers. That is a job quite beyond this department; reports of presentations continue to come in—more of them than we have space to tell about.

Here are a few of the new members of the Iron Lung Club: The Posts of Buchanan County, Iowa, says Comrade



Ralph J. Farris, joined together to buy an iron lung for public service, which has been placed in the People's Hospital at Independence. The purchase price was \$2,400; in addition the associated Posts set up a \$200 maintenance fund, and have \$880 remaining for investment in some other needed appliance. The Posts contributing to the purchase are Cedar Rock Post of Quasqueton; Pump-Scheers Post of Jesup; Adolph Fortsch Post of Fairbank; Friar-Watson Post of Hazleton; Ivan Palmer Post of Aurora; Loren Foster Post of Lamont; Schaffer-McFarland Post of Winthrop, and Captain E. M. Sheehan Post of Independence.

Mack B. Lilly, Adjutant of Frank J. Goldcamp Post, Ironton, Ohio, says that during an epidemic of infantile paralysis in Ironton last fall a drive was started to purchase an iron lung. The campaign was so successful that in addition to the respirator, which was placed in



Kansas Legion joined with the G. A. R. to celebrate the 95th birthday of Commander-in-Chief W. W. Nixon in big meeting at Jewell

Lawrence County General Hospital, there was money enough left to buy two resuscitators—all at a cost of \$3,000. The Post had previously presented the hospital with an oxygen tent. Another recent presentation was that made by Inglewood (California) Post when, Historian Art La Forest tells us, a portable iron lung was presented to the city through Legionnaire Mayor Ray Darby.

Earl Foust Post of Fostoria, Ohio, got its baby incubator installed in the Fostoria City Hospital just in time. Post Commander C. D. La Rue writes

that the presentation was made on Monday, March 10th; installed Wednesday, March 12th, and occupied by twins on Friday, March 14th.

Through means of personal subscription, a dance and a riding tournament, Talbot Post of Easton, Maryland, created a fund to be applied on a hospital assistance program. The first purchase, at a cost of \$417, was a resuscitator and inhalator which has been placed with the Easton Emergency Hospital. The formal presentation was made by E. G. Kastenhuber, Jr., Post Service Officer.

Frank Allen Wilcox Post, Fall River, Massachusetts, is another Bay State Post to get in Big Brother Class—presentation of 1,000th membership card



Another type of appliance given to the public is the combined fluoroscope and portable X-ray which was recently given to Locust Mountain Hospital by Shenandoah (Pennsylvania) Post, purchased at a cost of \$1,350. The presentation was made on the occasion of a conference of the 13th Pennsylvania Legion District, with Shenandoah Post as host.

Commander-in-Chief

Seventy-six years ago last April the Civil War came to an end. Within a few weeks the Grand Army of the Republic, representing the Union veterans of that war, will hold its seventy-fifth annual national encampment. Few will attend, for there are but few left—on April 1st, the latest available figures, there were remaining a grand total of 1,728 Union veterans. And that number has been steadily decreased; the survivors by the time this piece reaches the readers will not muster much more than fifteen hundred.

Commander-in-Chief W. W. Nixon of Jewell, Kansas, is the first Kansan in all these seventy-five years to command



"He's My Uncle," born on the Fourth of July. Dramatic tableau staged by Harold S. Webber Post, Kennebunk, Maine, as grand finale to their annual minstrel show



the biggest Post in the entire Legion, a place lost last year to Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post of Denver, Colorado. It was not such an easy victory: Omaha on the first of May scored 3,728 members, as against the Denver record of 3,450. Last year the score stood: Denver, 3,535; Omaha, 3,398. The membership year is, at the time this is being written, by no means finished—

Adjutant Frank Binder of Denver says that the May 1st membership was far ahead of any previous year and that there were assurances that the high-water mark of last year would be passed.

But to get back to the high scoring Omaha Post which, on the basis of records kept at National Headquarters, has the best large-Post membership record in all the Legion. Nine times between 1923 and 1940 it has won the big-Post championship; seven times it was the runner-up big Post, and twice it was the third largest Post. In addition it established an (Continued on page 59)

the Grand Army of the Republic and when, on Washington's birthday, he celebrated his own ninety-fifth birthday the American Legion Posts of Jewell and Mankato joined with other civic groups in a big meeting to do him honor, with Department Commander Max Wyman as the principal speaker.

Honor guests with Commander Nixon, as shown in the accompanying picture, were three other Grand Army veterans: J. P. Fair, 97, Mankato; John Bartleson, 97, and Joe Gaston, 91, of Beloit, and also Miss Katherine Flood, who has served as National Secretary of the G. A. R. for twenty-five years.

Omaha Tops Again

Commander Matt D. Jaap, top membership-getter for 1941 with 109 to his credit, has piloted his crack Omaha (Nebraska) Post back into first place as



A toast to the first and only President—William H. Hecox—of the Binghamton (New York) Post's holding company celebrating his 80th birthday

VICTORY Voyage



WE TOLD our fellow-men throughout the world when we set up the free state of America that we wanted to serve liberty everywhere and be the friends of men in every part of the world who wanted to throw off the unjust shackles of arbitrary government. Now we have kept our pledge to humanity as well as our pledge to ourselves, for we have thrown everything we possessed—all the gifts that nature had showered upon us, and our own lives—into the scales to show that we meant to be the servants of humanity and of free men everywhere. . . .

"My heart swells with a pride that I cannot express when I think of the men who crossed the seas from America to fight on those battlefields . . . For they are men to the core, and I am glad to have had Europe see this specimen of our manhood. . . .

"And you know what has happened? Having sampled America that way, Europe believes in and trusts America. . . . We have proved that we were the champions of liberty throughout the world, that we did not wish to keep it as a selfish and private possession of our own but wanted to share it with men everywhere and of every kind.

"When you look forward to the future, do you not see what a compulsion that puts upon us? You cannot earn a reputation like that and then not live up to it. . . . We must continue to put

Doughboys and gobs aboard the transport George Washington hear a distinguished Fourth of July orator, President Wilson, The year, 1919

America at the service of mankind. Not for any profit we shall get out of it, not for any private benefit we shall reap from it, but because we believe in the

right, and mean to serve it wherever we have a chance to serve it. . . .

"This is the most tremendous Fourth of July that men ever imagined, for we have opened its franchises to all the world."

Rockets' red glare, bombs bursting in air—and patriotic oratory; those are the principal ingredients of our annual observance of Independence Day. That was true, too, with the exception of fire-

Below, before sailing from Brest, the presidential ship, the George Washington, and the Leviathan narrowly averted a serious collision





works, for us fellows while we were still in uniform those many years ago. The oratory varied in direct ratio to the appointed speakers, but there was one gang of soldiers and gobs who enjoyed oratory of the highest order and from the most prominent speaker to appear before any American audience on the Fourth of July, 1919. That speaker was Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States and Commander-in-Chief of all the military forces of our country.

We lead off this department with excerpts from the President's speech—given on a most auspicious occasion and in an uncommon setting. The President was returning from his second trip to Europe, where in Versailles, France, on June 28, 1919, the day before he boarded the U. S. S. *George Washington* for home, the peace treaty ending the World War had been signed.

The picture we show of the President addressing the troops and men of the transport's crew came to us from one of his fellow voyagers, Past Commander E. C. Petersen of R. V. Wallace Post of the Legion, whose home is at 6601 Oliphant Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Here is what Petersen had to say in the accompanying letter:

"As a member of the 58th Engineers (Railway) I enjoyed the privilege of returning to the United States on the U. S. S. *George Washington* with President Woodrow Wilson, Mrs. Wilson and the presidential party in July, 1919. We sailed from Brest, France, on June 29th and the Fourth of July was appropriately celebrated at sea with entertainment by 'local talent' of soldiers and gobs, and a speech by the President, which you will find in the enclosed copy of *The Hatchet* of Friday, July 4, 1919. *The Hatchet* was a daily newspaper published aboard that transport while on the high seas and boasted of 'The largest circulation on the Atlantic Ocean!'

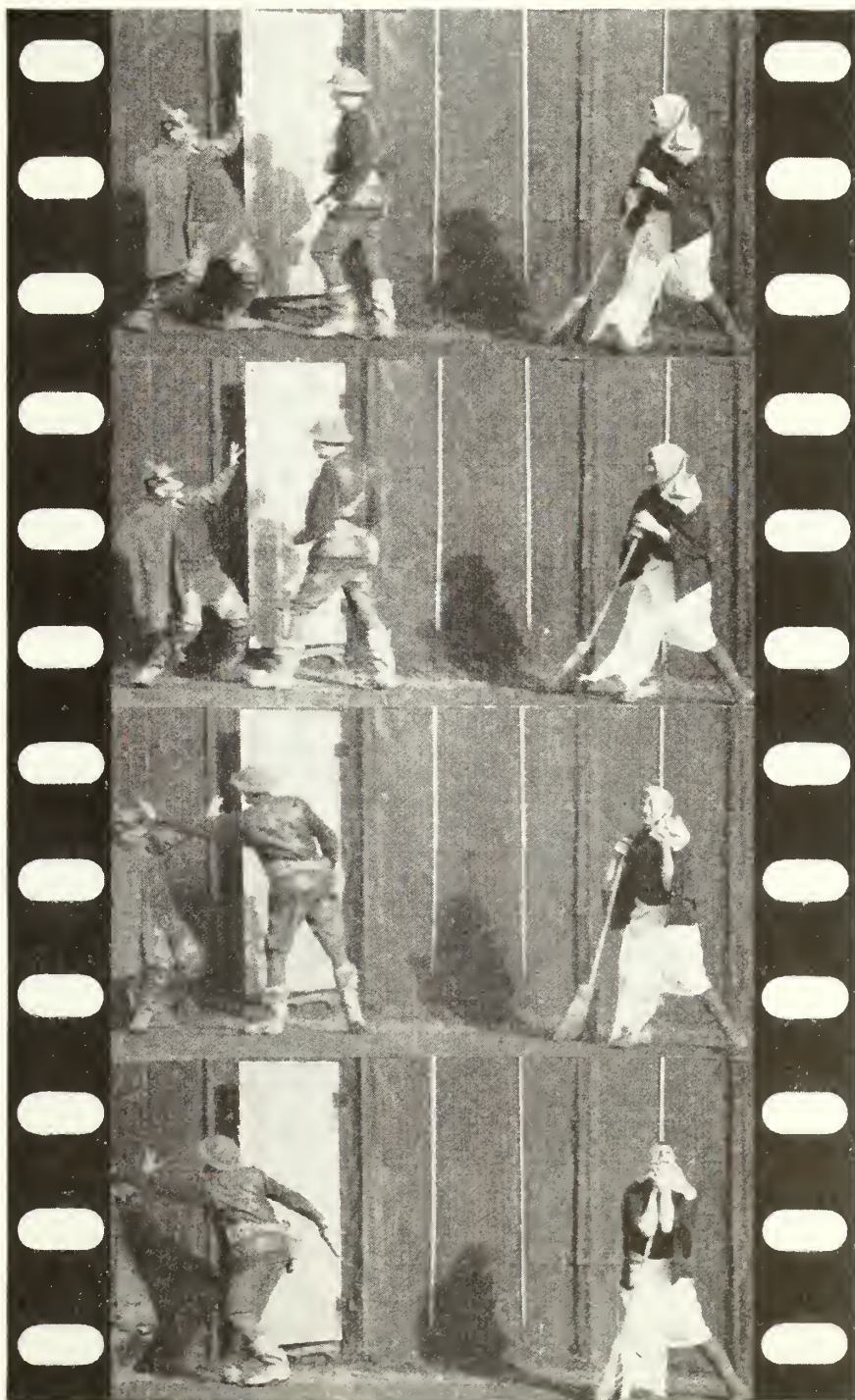
"I am sending to you a picture showing the President delivering his speech. In view of events that have since transpired, the speech has a particular significance at this time.

"A second picture I am enclosing shows an incident that might have resulted seriously and delayed the President's and our sailing. The troops were already aboard the *George Washington* awaiting the President's arrival from Paris. The huge transport, *Leviathan*, was also in Brest Harbor at that time and about 5 A. M. on June 28, 1919, the *Levi* either dragged anchor or slipped

from her mooring. The result was that the two vessels came together and only by masterful action on the part of both crews was a serious collision averted.

"Our regiment, the 58th Engineers, was one of several units of the Transportation Corps aboard the *George Washington*. The regiment was organized in Is-sur-Tille, France, in June, 1918, and was composed of men with railroad experience from nearly every other branch of service. We operated and maintained railroads at Is-sur-Tille and also French railways in the Zone of Advance.

"During the American offensives of 1918, men of the regiment often remained on their locomotives for stretches of fifty hours to keep up the flow of ammunition and supplies to the advancing troops. We had railroad men from every important railroad in our country. Some of our crews had runs to Chaumont, Neufchâteau and to the front, and later into the Occupied Area in Germany, although most of our work was switching in the Is-sur-Tille yards. When we got our orders on June 7, 1919, to proceed to Le Mans and Brest for the trip home to the States, most of



With a doughboy cast, the 7th Photo Section, Air Service, filmed the above unofficial, super-colossal movie, "The Rape of Belgium," at Tours, France, in 1919



Yes, we had sports programs, too. Omar Ketchum and Joe Rizzi, Company A, 110th Engineers, don the gloves at Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma, in 1918

our men had been in France well over a year, many were three-strippers, and one or two were even sporting four service stripes.

"I would like to hear from men of the old 58th Regiment and also from other doughboys and gobs who celebrated the Fourth of July in 1919 aboard the *George Washington* as fellow passengers of the President."

ANYONE would suppose that the opportunity of taking still and motion-picture shots of real, honest-to-goodness front line action during World War I would have served to fill any man's craving for drama. But from the evidence offered, it appears that the men of the 7th Photo Section, Air Service, felt called upon to furnish a bit of drama of their own making. And could any present-day Hollywood studio better the plot, scenery, costumes and acting depicted in the strip of shots we show?

We all can thank Walt Woestman of 2600 Midlothian Drive, Altadena, California, who introduces himself as "a

charter member of Hollywood (California) Post, but now paying dues to Pasadena Post," for this special treat and for the following story of this extra-curricular activity of his wartime outfit:

"The Then and Now Department has had innumerable wartime pictures, and all of them very interesting, but I believe that there has never been a shot from a motion picture.

"Enclosed is a clip from a picture, very much scratched after a period of twenty years, made at the 2d Aviation Instruction Center at Tours, France, and titled 'The Rape of Belgium.' This epic was short—very short; in fact, if memory serves me correctly, this was the only scene!

"The part of Belgium—and get that costume!—was played by Sergeant Welton C. Swain; the United States (defending Belgium) by Charles Stewart (or Stuart); and Germany (the Kaiser) by a man whose name comes to me as Connors, but of this I am not certain. The superb photography was my very own handiwork. The cast and photographer were all members of the 7th Photo Section, Air Service.

"Our C. O. was Captain Fred Place and the Top was 'Bart' Bartholomew of cartoon fame. All of the personnel were non-commissioned except one lone 'buck' who had been reduced for some minor infraction or other. The 7th Photo Section was of the Air Service and not the Signal Corps. To the best of my knowledge there were only two motion picture photographers in the entire Air Service overseas, of which I was one. The Signal Corps had a great number.

"Most of the work of my Section was confined to map-making, although I had little to do with that part of the work. I remember we were called upon to get out some maps in a big hurry for the

Peace Conference, and for working night and day the outfit was decorated with something or other.

"Personally I had a rather tough time getting into the service due to my height being six feet, six inches, but I later found another man also six feet, six, attached to one of the Aero Squadrons at the 2d A. I. C.

"I had special permission to bring home several hundred feet of motion-picture negative and you may believe that I had a tough time getting it through the numerous inspections. Of our 'epic,' *The Rape of Belgium*, there remains but a scant two feet, from which the enclosed enlargements were made. They are not too good, as the film was developed long before the advent of fine-grain developers. I did all of my own developing and the negatives were turned over to the Signal Corps in Paris. Once in a while I see a flash of my stuff in pictures of the war.

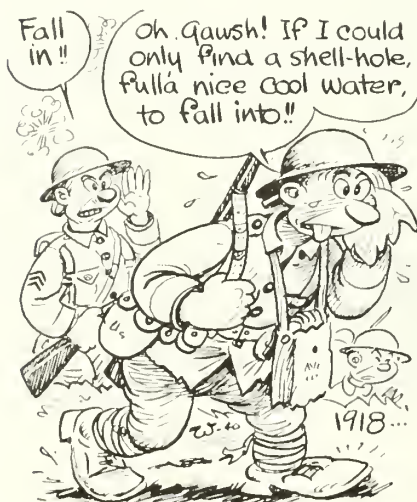
"I was a photographer before the war at the Mack Sennett lot in Hollywood and with different news reels. I am still in the same rut but my work is confined to press and technical still work now. Have done some work for *Life* magazine, but am not on their staff. The only movie work I now do is in 16 mm. for my own amazement.

"Once, Captain Place, our C. O., had some visiting brass hats to whom he wanted to show some of my films and as we had no provision for making positive prints, he asked me to run the negatives at the Y. M. C. A. I proceeded to make a positive by running the film through the camera along with a roll of unexposed negative. The results on the screen were amazing from several angles. The prints were, of course, terrible but the showing caused a couple of extra cross bars to appear under the chevrons on my left sleeve.

"Wonder what has become of the man in our outfit who was very proud of a very black growth of hair on his upper lip? I still have the film of this bunch of hair being removed by six masked men and a pair of shears.

"I would be pleased to hear from former members of the 7th Photo Section and would be glad to send prints to these men who served with me, although I could not offer them to others who might be interested."

ATHLETICS and sports are assuming a major position in the training of the million and more men who have been called into service—not alone for their physical value but as morale builders. Greater and lesser lights of the sport world have been enlisted to direct athletic programs in camps and stations, with the outstanding luminary Legionnaire Gene Tunney of Advertising Men's Post of New York City, who with the rank of Lieutenant Commander is director-in-chief of the Navy's sports



activities. Tunney, you may recall, got his start toward the World's Heavy-weight Championship, from which he retired undefeated, while serving with the Marine Corps in the A. E. F.

Although in our war there was no such thing as a Morale Division of the War Department, under which the athletic program operates, plenty of stress



was placed on sports and games during training days. As an example, we call attention to the picture of an informal boxing match which came to us from Joe Rizzi, member of Spencer-Kelly Post of Tarrytown, New York, whose address is Loh Park, Tarrytown, with this letter:

"Reading so much about sports in connection with the present army training program, I remembered a picture I had that was taken at Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma, when I was in training there in 1918. How did I land out in that camp, when my home was in New York State? Well, in February, 1918, I de-

cided to enlist and not wait for my call and went to my local Draft Board to see what could be done. Being a mason and contractor, when I was told of an opening in the Engineer Corps at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, I signed up and was sent out there with my pals James Powers, Jerry Flynn and Eugene Fuchs.

"After three weeks there, getting our shots and equipment, we were transferred to Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma, went to an isolation camp for two weeks, and then were assigned to Company A, 110th Engineers, whose C. O. was Captain Orlin Hudson. My corporal was Don Council.

"Our instructor in bayonet drill and rifle practice was Omar Ketchum, who some years after the war became Mayor of Topeka, Kansas. I had always liked boxing and when I learned that Ketchum was a boxer, I got him to teach me a few points about the manly art of defense, as the picture shows. Ketchum and I are in the center, with gloves on, Ketchum being at the left. The rest of the men were all of Company A and as I recall names, among them were Captain Orlin Hudson, who won the D. S. C.; our Top Kick, Joseph Owens, killed in action; Paul Shrader of Topeka, Kansas; James Powers of Tona-wanda, New York, and Charles Clements of Topeka. While I remember faces of others of the men, I cannot call their names, but I certainly would be glad to hear from all of the old gang.

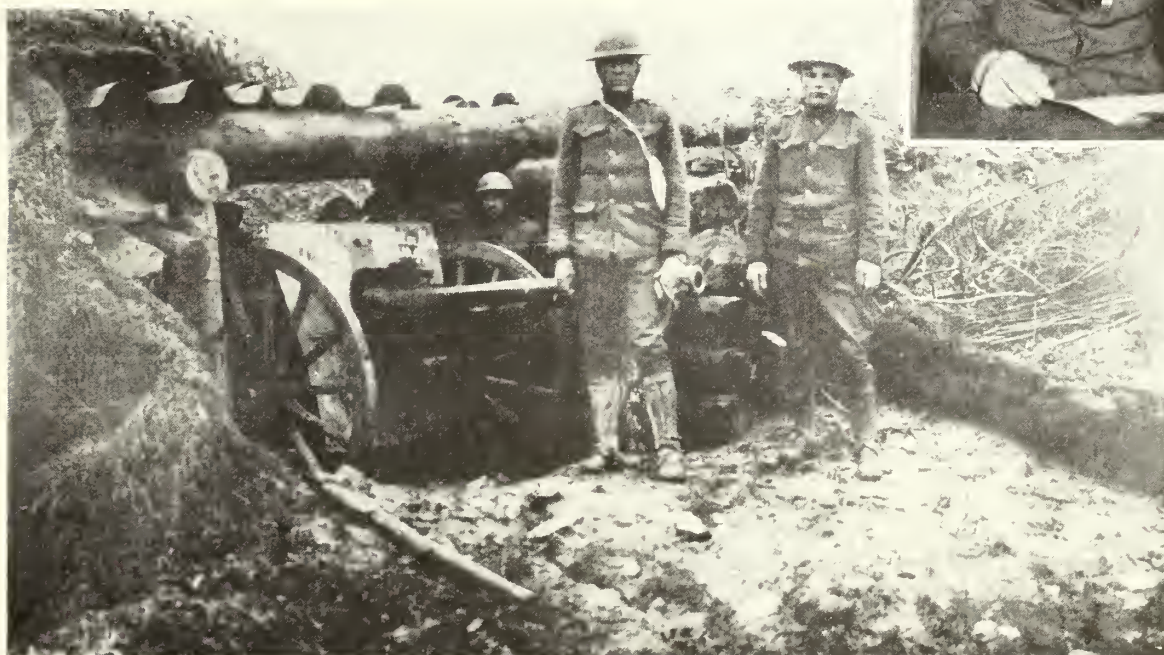
"Later at the K. C. hut, I went three rounds with Tony Lapatino. I hope Tony remembers our scuffle there. He wanted me to continue to put on exhibition bouts with him,

but I didn't care for that sort of stuff. Later, in Brest, France, Tony fought the Navy champion.

"Two months after my enlistment, the regiment entrained for a port of embarkation. Although we waited at Camp Merritt, New Jersey, for the sailing, I had no chance to go home; friends and relatives, however, came to camp to say good-bye. We sailed on the *Great Northern* on May 3, 1918, and landed in Brest on the 10th. We went to Eu and to our discomfort and dismay were attached to the British for training, but on July 1st, we landed in Wesserling and took over a quiet sector, though the Germans celebrated our Fourth of July by shelling us.

"After being held in army reserve during the St. Mihiel Drive, we took our position in the front lines on September 25th, for the Meuse-Argonne Drive. Our Engineer Regiment advanced with the doughboys to provide wire-cutting details and such other jobs as engineers do. But the doughboys didn't need anything done for them, so I threw away my wire-cutter and axe (for which I caught hell) and joined up with the infantrymen and fought with them, along

(Continued on page 60)



Now a West Point museum piece, the 75 which fired America's first shot in the World War, at Bathélemont, France, October 23, 1917. Captain McLendon, C. O. (left) and Sergeant Arch, who pulled the lanyard. Insert, ex-Sergeant Arch filling out the Legion National Defense questionnaire last February



THE LEGION in Action!

(Continued from page 21)

defense activity outside of those falling within the province of the armed forces—Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard, and Air Forces. It covers activities ranging from the military, such as State Guard organizations, through the semi-military, such as Aircraft Warning services, to the industrial, such as skilled labor recruitment for defense industry, and to the field of social welfare for soldiers, sailors, and many classes of civilians.

In many of these fields The American Legion has been active in earlier years. In others we became active as defense requirements increased. Two steps taken during the past year were designed to fit the Legion for greater and quicker specific service in all of these national needs. The Legion planned and carried out a registration of all veterans for national defense services. This task was brought to a culmination February 22d as the major registration day, but has gone forward prior to and since that date. By means of this registration, a voluntary enrolment open alike to Legion and non-Legion members, we undertook to provide a pool of manpower and womanpower to which the country could look for necessary persons both for paid jobs in defense industries and for volunteer workers in activities auxiliary to armed and industrial defense works. The result was entirely successful, equipping Posts, Departments, and the National Organization with the names of more than 850,000 persons catalogued by their capacities and availability. Already in hundreds of cases this basic file of available veterans has been used, especially in placing skilled and semi-skilled workers in defense industry and in recruiting volunteers for services such as aircraft warning observers.

While this enrolment was in progress, the American Legion Mission to Great Britain was proposed, adopted by the National Executive Committee, and carried out, in order to bring to the Legion first-hand information about civilian defense activities under conditions of warfare and threatened invasion. That mission, led by your National Commander, was charged with observing what methods of carrying on civilian aid to the armed forces and home protective operations were actually effective in a country under severe attack. We were to learn which of many theories of civilian defense work were accomplishing results in practice.

The Mission to England was made up of Franklin D'Olier, Past National Commander of the Legion, Major General Frank Parker, U. S. A. Retired, Joseph Deutschle, aide to the National Com-

mander, and myself. Traveling by trans-Atlantic clipper, we completed our assignment in thirty days, of which 18 days were spent in Great Britain. Upon our return we reported to the National Executive Committee at the special meeting called for that purpose.

One method of making the results of the Mission to England available to the membership of the Legion is the series of seven home defense manuals now in course of preparation and publication. Distribution will be made to all Posts as each manual is published. The series will include a general manual on home defense, one on Aircraft Warning Service, two on Air Raid Precaution Service, one on plant and home protection, one on fire and bomb defense, and one on gas and gas protection.

The air forces of the Army, through the GHQ Air Force, its four air corps areas and their interceptor commands, have been at work for months with units of the American Legion in certain States, perfecting a plan for organizing observation posts throughout the United States to supply the eyes for the Aircraft Warning Service. The announcement, April 17th, that the plans perfected at Mitchel Field were to be extended to all parts of the country led to a rush of civilian volunteers for observation duty. To meet this situation the Division of State and Local Coöperation of the Office of Emergency Management was placed in charge of observer recruiting, and called upon state and local Councils

of Defense to establish recruiting centers. The American Legion, which has been prepared to handle the entire recruiting of observers, as it had in certain test areas, at once established contact with the OEM, to offer the services already offered to the Air Corps GHQ and its Interceptor Commands.

The American Legion is excellently organized to work with the state and local Councils of Defense. Insofar as this activity is to be decentralized to the field on the basis of the interceptor command areas, it is encouraging to realize that we will be dealing in many instances with men who have held office in the Legion, or are known members of the Legion.

The executive offices of the forty-four listed State Councils of Defense include twenty-four Legionnaires. Among these twenty-four at least ten are identified as men prominent in Legion activities. This is stated here merely to lend encouragement to the members and officials of our Posts in the field who finally will be actively engaged in promoting all phases of civilian defense.

In States such as Nebraska and Arkansas, the Legion has been assigned, officially, to the task of operating many of the functions of civilian defense within those States.

In several States in the northeastern part of the United States, the observation posts are established and manned and have operated in tests carried out by the Air Corps, from its First Area head-



"Did I ever handle a machine gun!"

quarters at Mitchel Field. The Legion is prepared to carry on the same work in other areas, whenever and wherever the Government desires.

While Aircraft Warning Service is a relatively simple business of seeing, hearing, and reporting the presence of aircraft through channels established to reach air defense forces quickly, Air Raid Precaution Service covers a wide field of activities separate from the armed defense forces, but involving fire, police, ambulance, and other public services and private coöperation. The Americanism Commission, through its Disaster Relief plans and studies, has carried on such plans into the similar field of Air Raid Precautions. Its material, together with data acquired in England, is going into the new manuals on this subject.

The National Law and Order Committee drafted a form of State Guard act which was available to all States, and was used by many as a basis of presenting a State Guard law to the legislatures. Wherever State Guard acts have been adopted, the recruitment of officers has been largely accomplished through Legion channels and with Legion members. States which have not adopted State Guard acts have in many cases strengthened their state police forces, or taken other steps toward the preservation of law and order in any emergency while the National Guard is in federal service.

The law and order committee also prepared and published model explosive, sabotage, and quick pursuit acts.

Starting from scratch at the beginning of this calendar year The American Legion has been remarkably successful in securing legislative approval of this group of model acts. In the various State legislatures meeting in 1941, fifty-one enactments of one or more of the five model laws had been secured in thirty-eight States by the middle of May and some legislatures were still in session.

The score on the several acts is as follows:

Eleven States have adopted the model sabotage prevention act.

An equal number of States has adopted the model explosives act.

The interstate property act has been accepted in two States.

Twenty-six have adopted the State Guard Act.

Fresh pursuit by military forces is a law in three.

Twenty-six have adopted model legislation for State Defense Councils or similar bodies.

The announced objective in supporting these model legislative enactments in the States has been to increase the legal powers of the appropriate authorities dealing with the problems of civilian defense and to intensify the interest and action of the people as a whole under the leadership thus acknowledged.

With the calling of the National Guard into federal service and the induction of selectees under way, attention was called by many Legion Posts to the problems of entertainment and welfare of the men in camp. The government made early moves to deal with these questions, and various committees were appointed. The Joint Army and Navy Committee was named by the President to handle together with the Red Cross matters of soldier and sailor entertainment *inside* the camps. It was announced that welfare organizations would not operate in the camps, as they did in the last war. Coördination of all of the health, recreation, and welfare problems attendant upon national defense but outside the strictly military operations was assigned by the President to Paul V. McNutt, Federal Security Administrator. After study and consideration, a plan of erecting buildings outside the camps, at cities and towns where troops naturally go for recreation, was adopted, and a group of six welfare agencies, operating as United Service Organizations, was approved by the Government as the agency to manage the recreation centers, which will be called United Service Buildings.

The National Commander of The American Legion was offered and accepted an honorary vice-chairmanship and a place on the board of directors of United Service Organizations, and the Legion has assisted in the campaign for funds carried on by the USO. The extent of participation in the operation of the service buildings, or of entertainments therein, will be a matter of local determination in each instance.

Throughout the year the Legion has played a leading part in the recruitment

of flying cadets, a service especially stimulated by the National Aeronautics Committee. It has also been active in encouraging enlargement of landing fields, so that our increased air forces will have adequate bases for operations.

In the field of physical education, the special committee under the Americanism Commission has done exceptional work in the education of the public through motion pictures. Enabling acts to increase the general use of recreation facilities have been offered in many state legislatures.

The close relationship between the Legion and the FBI has been maintained and developed, in the interest of public safety from espionage and sabotage activities.

In reporting to the National Executive Committee regarding this work with the FBI, the National Americanism Commission stated 23,515 officers and members in 6,096 posts of the Legion have entered into the work of aiding the FBI in matters which appropriately can be handled by our organization. This activity of the Legion to aid in the interest of national defense and Americanism has had high praise from the authorities.

Development of community councils into national defense councils has been encouraged by Legion Posts, and co-operation with State Councils of Defense has been a definite Legion policy everywhere.

The Legion has assisted in the sale of defense saving stamps and bonds.

In this brief summary, a few words have necessarily covered a subject which may involve the enthusiastic services of thousands of Legion members.

With the nation in a state of "defense emergency" but not in a state of declared war, it is not easy to define course of action.

Meanwhile we have done with capacity and enthusiasm all that we could see clearly as a task fit for our hands. The membership of The American Legion is the greatest in its history. We may only assume that the added members have joined our ranks with the purpose of service to God and Country expressed in our Constitution. Whatever the details of service which may lie ahead, The American Legion will serve a little better than is asked of it.

"Smearing the minds of Kids"

(Continued from page 9)

If you mean the totalitarian system, you're probably correct.

What was the first thing the Germans did when they moved into Paris? One

of the first decrees was to ban all sports and to jerk the sports pages out of such newspapers as existed. They didn't even want any news about sports. The chief by-product of sports is democracy, a

statement I'll expand a little later. It runs too counter to what the Huns are selling now. They don't want even to see it around.

You never heard of a baseball league in Russia, did you?

Yeah, I know they play the game in

Japan, and I chance to be one who believes the Japs could have been steered into less benighted channels with a little smarter statesmanship on our side. But they're mostly weak-and-willin'. Germany and Russia is where the initiative is, with Germany doing the leading.

And what is the prime and principal plank in the Nazi platform?

It's that one kind and breed of man, what Mr. Hitler presumes to call the Aryan, but which we, for practical purposes, can call modern German, has a monopoly on all the courage, the gallantry, the intelligence, the decency, the worth, and all the other virtues that go to make up the noblest in manhood and womanhood.

THE unavoidable correlative, and one fully accepted by the extraordinary Germans, is that all other breeds and kinds of men are weak, degenerate, depraved, and unworthy. This being so, they must be got out of the way in order that the Germans may have the earth and the fulness thereof. If persecution won't remove them, execution, obliteration must accomplish it. They were born to be slaves to a Greater Germany.

I didn't make this up. It's a standard part of their creed. You'll find it iterated and reiterated in the Nazi Bible, Hitler's own *Mein Kampf*. You'll find it in the speeches of their Reichsminister of Education, Dr. Robert Ley. They started gently with *lebensraum*. That's what Hitler was howling for. Now it's the earth, and no bones about it. At least they have plenty of *lebensraum* by this time and you don't see them digging in and saying, "This is enough."

They can't permit sport—not team sport, as we know it in this land—because sport teaches the absolute antithesis of their principal premise. Sport teaches that the prime Nazi precept is simply a lie. I could make it stronger, but why? There it is.

Team sport, as we know it in this land, teaches precisely and continually that no one kind of man and no one breed of men has any corner on courage, brilliance, alertness, fair play, honesty, decency, godliness, or any of those things the Germans try to attribute exclusively to themselves. Every American kid learns that, in every game that he plays. He learns it from the fellows on his side who are teammates of his and he gets it double from the fellows on the other side he's playing against.

If you want to take it out of teams and scan an individual list, look at our heavyweight boxing champions of the last 20 years—to keep it modern. Out of a great swirling mass, all fighting as hard as they can, one fellow always blasts his way to the top. And have they been all of one breed? There was: Dempsey, a mongrel American with a little bit of everything, including Mormon and Indian in him; Tunney, an Irish-American; Schmeling, a German; Shar-

key, a Lithuanian; Carnera, an Italian; Baer, a Jew; Braddock an Irish-American and Joe Louis, an American Negro.

We could go along in that fashion through the entire list of sports, but the answer is too obvious, too preordained, the effort too silly. Any part of it blows the German theory sky high. The whole of it makes the Nazis worse than ignorant.

Or look at it another way.

When Hitler wants to appeal to his German multitudes, to pull out of them all the fire and fight and emotional re-



actions that are in there, he faces no particular task. It's simply up to his own skill as a spellbinder. His audience is pat. It's solidly and exclusively German, its mental processes, traditions, background, emotions and all the contributing rest, German back through generation before generation to time immemorial.

So it is with Mr. Churchill, and his British. I know somebody has said Great Britain is composed of the Scotsman who sees everything and keeps everything he sees, the Welshman who prays on his knees and preys upon his neighbor, the Irishman who doesn't know what he wants, but is willing to die for it, and the Englishman who worships on his knees but worships himself. But, even so, they're all British. They've been in there tightly together for more than a millennium, thinking alike, acting alike, used to each other by this time, and very much a solid unit.

And so is it with Mussolini and his Italians, Franco and his Spaniards, Hirohito and his Japs, and so on and on.

But you try to tell me what an American is!

We're English and Scotch and Irish and Swedes and Italians and Jews and Scandinavians and Negroes and all the rest of the results of these great turgid racial streams that have poured in here from all directions for so long to form this great reservoir of varied humanity that is this United States of yours and mine. Some are new, some old. Most of us brought something. There are religious, racial, political and personal divergences of every conceivable and conglomerate kind.

It gives us a formidable problem

unique on all the face of the earth. It's the problem of unity, coördination, co-operation, sympathy, help, the finding of fraternity. Specifically, it means that I've got to try to find something in the fellow across the street to admire instead of criticize, to love instead of hate. I've got to try to find something in him to get hold of and to bind myself to, and conversely, I've got to show him something in myself he can get a firm handhold in, so we can weld ourselves together in the start toward a mighty unit.

We've got to want to make it work. We've got to grip and hold fast. This thing we're getting has got to be strong enough to lift us above the accident of birth that made my mother bear me one thing and his mother bear him something else. It's got to be bigger and more binding than any differences about how or why he worships his God and how I worship mine. It's got to transcend where his people came from and where mine used to be, and what any of them believed or suffered or fought and maybe died to defend, unless, perchance it was this America of ours.

What's that but true democracy?

What is it but our America?

And what's team sport, as we know it on school and college playground, even on sandlot and professional sod in these United States, but a true carbon copy of just exactly that?

What is it—where are you, Professor?—but an education in that?

What is team sport?

What's the picture of it?

Here I stand in the middle of a football team, say. I'm the center. Next me on the right is a fellow called a guard. We both stand there side by side because somebody bigger and smarter in the general subject than we are—the coach—has found something in me, big or small, strong or weak, that successfully combines with something in my fellow there, big or small, strong or weak, to start the formation of this vital coöperative unit which is going to be our team.

IT DOESN'T make any difference whether I came to school in an auto while he walked five miles, whether I go church Sundays while his folks are atheists, whether I've got money and he hasn't, a swell girl friend while his is a dope, or maybe the vice versa of it all.

We're there only because regardless of who we are and what, if anything is behind us, we've proved ourselves willing and capable of helping each other do a hard, tough job. On the other side of him's another fellow called a tackle. He's there because he's got something real and coöperative to offer. So it is with the end beside him, and all down the other side of the line and thence through the backfield.

And when we are trained and fitted

and ready to go, there we stand, from eleven different families, possibly from eleven different stations in life, representing possibly as many different races, a variety of creeds, possibly a combination of colors. But over and above any and all of that, a coöperative unit, a true fraternity, ready to go out and fight beside each other and for each other for a common set of colors, which means a common ideal, ready to sacrifice for that ideal, to suffer for it, consecrated to the cause of accomplishing a definite, constructive, dearly desired task together!

Don't say it's silly. It's not silly to those kids. All values in this life are relative, and that goal line is just as real, as big and as important to young fellows at that precious and most valuable, because most impressionable, period of their lives as any goal you and I as older men and women may be trying to cross out here in after life.

And don't try to say I'm theorizing, Professor. This is my alley now, and I know every inch of it. I can cite a specific example for every windy paragraph you've ever spawned as prime scripture.

Just for one, Boston College, like the Notre Dame of Rockne's day, has been noted of late for the racial mixture of its football squad. I stood in its dressing room down in Dallas, Texas, shortly after the European war had begun to blaze as it waited to take the field against Clemson College in that city's Cotton Bowl game.

I heard the coach, Frank Leahy, since gone to Notre Dame, giving it its last words before it took the field for what, to it, was a most important battle. It wasn't a fiery fight talk of the old time hell-roaring sort, but there was emotion in his voice as he reminded them of their school, of the folks back home who'd be waiting to hear, and told them of their privilege in representing the prestige of the East.

While he talked, I watched the tears start down their faces, and saw the knuckles on the backs of their hands turn white, as they pulled each other closer into a tightly-hugged unit—into that precious and vital and American symbol, the team!

I looked especially at the group standing exactly in front of me. The center of it was the center of the ball club, a big fellow, six feet, five inches tall and weighing 237 pounds. His name was Gladchuk. He was a Russian. He was born in Russia. And hugged just as tightly to him and around him as they could press themselves were the four starting backs he'd be passing that football to out there directly. The one nearest me was named Ananis. He's a Lithuanian. Next to him was the fullback, an Italian named Cignetti. Next to him was an Irishman named O'Rourke, and next to him a Pole named Toczyłowski.

And in there with them and around them, pulled together just as tightly as



"Will you exhale please, brother, so I can get off at the next station?"

strong young arms could draw in actual physical friendship and brotherhood were the representatives of ten or a dozen of these other great racial streams that have poured their turgid floods in here to form this United States that now faces a similar but inestimably more serious crisis.

And, as they broke for the field, hugging each other, encouraging each other, exchanging last minute good-luck handshakes and all the fighting football rest, I couldn't help but reflect that the relatives of most of them were already shooting at each other on the other side of the world, strictly through lack of something such as this.

I don't mean it has to be football, but in this case it *was* football that implemented an emotion which was strong and dynamic enough to lift them above their petty differences, suspicions, hatreds and self-centered ideas, to become something bigger than any one of them, or any selfish combination of them, bigger and more beautiful and more vital and more typical of intelligent man at his result-seeking best—the supreme brotherly unit, the team.

Did I hear you say "education," Professor?

Maybe you don't want that sort.

Approximately 130 million of us do, and we've suddenly begun to want it especially hard.

Our youth needs that type of educa-

tion. It needs a lot of it. It needs an extra dose of it to counteract some of the poison some of the professors have been subtly feeding it under the heading, "liberal arts."

It doesn't make much difference where our youth gets it, but the schools and colleges are a most convenient place, for the supervision there can be handled in a natural and efficient manner. As for any claim that athletics have no educational value in terms of a college curriculum, I'll quote Rockne's answer when a committee of professional reformers had him and football on the carpet.

"Isn't it fairer," he asked, "to wait until a boy is five or ten years out of college and then look for the answer? You ask me if I think football is more valuable than Greek? I don't think I can answer that. I don't think you can, either. The answer is in the finished product. Five years out of college, possibly the answer will show. If what he's done on the football field doesn't show in his strength and health, if what he's learned there doesn't show in his character, the game is no good as a college activity and should be abandoned. My belief in the game stands upon the after-college records of the men who have played it. They are your answer. If you can condemn them, you can condemn the game."

My faith stands there, too.

In twenty years of following football

from coast to coast as a varsity sports writer, I have known of but one former college football player who was convicted of a deliberately planned, cold-blooded, inexcusable crime. I don't believe any other classification of humanity, including clergymen, can match that record. I know the professors can't.

Since the subject is college education, and the Professor's talking about improving it, it might be well to turn to the young gentlemen actually in college now and taking the treatment to see what they think of the brand of goods they're getting. As I understand it, this Professor Rugg is a member of the faculty of Teachers College at Columbia, which means that he's teaching teachers and not undergraduates. Maybe he hasn't been around a real college class room lately.

But here's what the actual guinea pig has to comment upon what's being handed him by the Ruggs and similar educational engineers. This is copied verbatim from the leading editorial in the Dartmouth undergraduate newspaper the blue Monday after a recent spring house party week-end. The editor is analyzing the general subject of what clowns Dartmouth undergraduates make of themselves upon these infrequent occasions when pretty girls settle in a fluttering swarm in the sequestered northern village of Hanover, New Hampshire.

"So what?" says he. "So, maybe the artificiality of the week-end has some relation to the artificiality of the educational process, if a good time for its own sake must be condemned because it breaks the pattern. So the number of hours of ridiculous laughs, senseless

horse play, irrational actions and artificial conversation maybe has some relation to the number of class-room hours of dreary note-taking, of artificial trend searching and fact-cataloguing, of inhuman intellectualizing. . . . Maybe some few will get back to classes where they're supposed to learn something with 'educational value,' only to see that it's neither fun, nor interesting, nor half as valuable as just knowing the guy across the hall. Maybe they'll put more faith in friends and good times and laughter than before, and less in 'serious down-to-facts' education than before. And just maybe, they'll come closer to what is really education than before."

Dartmouth is no different from the others. The defense rests; and you can have the Professor. In fact, you can have him, and thirteen points.

A girl must go slow

(Continued from page 11)

hair from her forehead. "There's an inn at Pottstown, two hours along the road."

The mare lifted her muzzle from the creek and blew contentedly. The man patted her sleek nose.

"It's a good inn," said Linda. "Any one this close would go on to it."

"Yes," said the man absently. "Yes. That's what they would expect me to do, of course."

She stared, at that; and his manner changed and he smiled at her and looked more directly at her.

"I didn't think to find roads this far from Philadelphia. And other things," he added, sending color to her cheeks.

"You're from Philadelphia?"

He nodded, reins in his left hand, eyes thoughtful.

"I've never been there," said Linda, and knew that this was only half the truth. She not only had never been to the far city, she would in all probability never go; she would live out her life on Hibb acres with Hibb children, in a nice house because George prospered so with his kilns.

"I wonder if I could put up here to-night instead of going on to Pottstown," said the man. "My horse and I are not as fresh as we might be. Is your father near?"

"Uncle," Linda corrected, looking at the mare, which seemed fresh enough, and at the man, who seemed far from exhausted.

He went slowly toward the house, with Linda moving softly beside him, bare feet and legs feeling the tall grass. She opened the rear door.

Mahlon Harbrough, black of beard and eye, sat at the pine table while Anna swung the iron pot from the crane in

the eight-foot fireplace and put it in the warming oven. Rush-bottomed chairs were in the room besides the table, and a bench and spinning wheel were near the fireplace. That was all. Downstairs there was the one room; upstairs two small ones; in the attic, an inverted V of space.

"Good evening," said the man to Mahlon and Anna. "My name is Richard Alcot. From Philadelphia. Your niece tells me the nearest inn is quite a piece up the road, and I'm wondering if I may stay the night here."



"Mister, would you mind snapping my friend? He thinks he's a hunting dog!"

"Philadelphia?" said Mahlon Harbrough. And there was no telling from his face how the request hit him. "There's an Alcot trading company there. They've taken skins from me."

"My father," replied Alcot, smiling. Mahlon's heavy fingers tapped the grained table top.

"D'you think our home is grand enough for an Alcot from Philadelphia?"

Faint red came to Alcot's face, and Celinda said quickly, "He could sleep in the attic, Uncle Mahlon. It's warm, and there's hay, and a quilt to spare."

"I have food in my saddlebags," Alcot added.

"Oh, there's plenty for supper," said Anna, out of stung pride rather than graciousness.

So with the two women seeming to acquiesce, Mahlon grunted, though you still couldn't tell from his bearded face whether he minded the guest. The meal was swift because of appetite and the fact that there was but the one dish, deer meat in a stew, with rough bread to go with it. But there was a little talk as the dusk deepened.

"Is Philadelphia as treasonous as ever?" growled Mahlon Harbrough. "Or have they come to their senses and decided to obey their king?"

"There are men of both minds," Alcot's voice was pleasant but, of a sudden, guarded; and Linda, watching his eyes, knew that this was a rebel in their house.

"We've kept out of it around here," said Mahlon. "We are all king's men in this section."

Which was not quite true, reflected Linda, watching Richard Alcot's face. Only George Hibb and Mahlon Harbrough and John Hatter, out of many, were for the crown.

"Let's hope you can continue to keep out of it," was all Richard Alcot said. "It's going to be a nasty mess. Thank you kindly for the meal. I'll see to my horse."

He rose, tall and queerly elegant in homespun, and, smiling at the three of them, went out to the barn. With him he took the small, brassbound chest Linda had seen behind his saddle. He had sat with it very close to his feet at table.

The mare whinnied softly and Alcot looked up to see Celinda, though not to see her plainly for it was almost dark. She had come soft-footed to the barn, and Aunt Anna had eyed her pretty narrowly as she left the house, and Aunt Anna had looked perhaps a little sorry that she had mentioned the plenitude of supper.

"You have everything you need?" said Celinda.

"Yes, thank you," Alcot said.

The barn was stone to the height of your head and above that were the wide planks, hand-sawn, with the cracks between them widened by June's warmth; and through the cracks sifted the scent of evening and the song of crickets. Linda sat on the little brassbound, rose-wood chest, with her clasped hands pulling her dress down over round bare knees.

"You mustn't mind Uncle Mahlon," she said. "He talks worse than he is."

"You mean his politics?" said Alcot.

"That's his affair. Every man has to make his own choice."

Linda had not meant politics. To her, it was living that was important, not politics. But she didn't bother to correct him.

"You're going back to Philadelphia soon?"

"As soon as I've been to Pottstown," nodded Alcot.

Celinda looked at the dim blur of his face, and something in the blur brought the familiar face of George Hibb dutifully to mind; George Hibb, who was ahead of her and behind her, to her right and to her left. Only George.

"It was nice of you to talk your uncle into letting me stay," Alcot said. And the night was spicy through the cracks between the barn boards, and somewhere near the waterfall a frog joined the crickets' chorus.

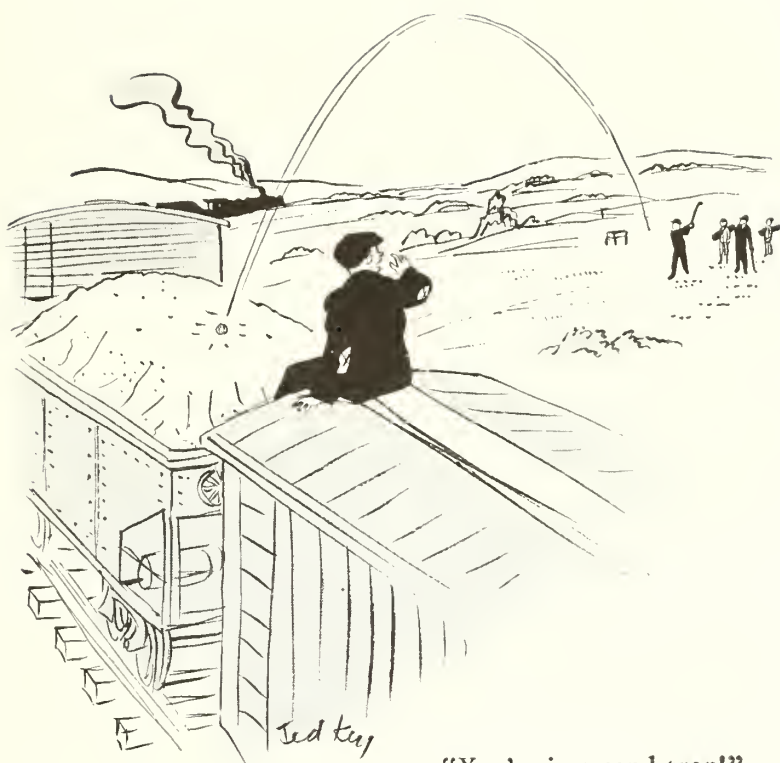
"I only said we had an attic." Linda stretched her round, full arms; fine arms to lift an iron kettle or to hold a child.

"It was enough."

Alcot held his hands down to her and she took them and was swung lightly to her feet. She was tall for a girl, but she had to look up quite a little to his eyes, almost as far up as to the eyes of George Hibb.

The piney smell was strong from the woods around, and no breeze stirred the night; and Linda thought there was unsteadiness in Richard Alcot's hands but couldn't be sure because her own were not too steady. And Linda was a stupid hussy because this was an Alcot from Philadelphia, who would presently be back in Philadelphia, while she would live her life out on the Hibb acres.

"The night's so fine," said Alcot. "I've



"You're in a sand trap!"

a notion to sleep here in the hay instead of in the house. Do you suppose your uncle would mind?"

"I don't think so," said Linda, body tall and taut.

"I'll get the quilt—"

"I'll get it for you."

He had spread a bed of hay when she returned, and had secured his box for the night, bolting each end deep into the plank floor and putting into an inner pocket the key which screwed the bolts.

"You're very kind," he said.

He seemed taller, slimmer than ever; and Linda thought of drawing rooms she had never seen, and stately dancing, and coaches with four horses, all the kindly, gracious things.

"Sleep well," she said gravely.

"Thanks," he said. "I will."

"Lindy!" called Uncle Mahlon from the house; and there was harshness in his tone, there was George Hibb in his tone.

"Goodnight," smiled Richard Alcot.

"Goodnight."

And then it was daylight, and he was on his horse, with the rutted lane to Pottstown off a hundred yards beyond the creek. Tight behind the saddle was the brassbound box; and his left hand touched it anxiously, then raised in a wave and he was gone, leaving the forest empty.

The thousand things to do in a wilderness home. The iron pots to clean and the floors to sand and the cultivating to be done between the rows of maize. Then lave the heat from face and hands with the cool water of Cling's Creek, and go into the house for the noon meal. . . .

And Aunt Anna said, looking out the rear window, "George is at the fence. Go

out to him, Lindy. He was past this morning once already."

Richard Alcot from Philadelphia was gone six hours while the trip to Pottstown and back took only four, and Richard Alcot from Philadelphia was almost as tall as George Hibb though not as massively built; and George had the kind of temper that goes with red-brown hair and was like a bull in his anger. So Celinda said:

"I'd better not see George—just now."

"You go on out to him!" said Anna, angry points of light in her eyes. "You don't know how lucky you are."

"George talked to Uncle Mahlon?"

"Yes. So now he'll want to talk to you."

George was leaning against the top rail of the fence, body straight and thick, powerful calves bare under the knee breeches.

"Hello, Lindy." He took the foxtail stem from between his teeth.

She nodded, dark gray eyes unsmiling on his face.

"I was by before, but you were down in the maize."

"Aunt Anna said you'd come," nodded Linda.

"Mahlon tells me you had a caller." George looked at the fence. "A man from Philadelphia."

"Yes," said Celinda.

"Mahlon tells me you were a mighty nice to him. You know him before, Lindy?"

"Why, where would I meet any one from the city, George?" said Linda.

"Maybe he's been through here before," suggested George, looking at the fence. "Maybe he's one of a lot that

have been around here lately. What was in that box of his, Lindy?"

"Box?" said Linda. From George, with the red-brown hair and the strongly proprietary feeling, this slant was a little perplexing.

"I heard talk of him last night," George said. "Talk of him and talk of his brassbound box. I was at Hatter's."

"I don't know what was in the box, George. Money, I guess, from his father's trading company."

George laughed, then, but it was not like his usual laugh. And he said, "Money? Lieutenant James Monroe got into Pottstown last night. And there's talk of Captain Washington being in Philadelphia. And this lad was going from Philadelphia to Pottstown. There were papers in that box, Lindy. Papers from Washington to Monroe, and maybe papers back."

"You're only guessing," said Linda.

"I can put two and two together," snapped George. "He stayed here last night because he thought they might be watching the inn for him. He's a rebel.

this has nothing to do with you and me, Lindy. I know that. When'll we get married?"

Celinda looked past the rock shoulder of the house at the good, cleared land; and George Hibb, prosperous and eligible, was down there, just as George Hibb was beside her. All around, George Hibb; and she was very lucky to have a man like that jealous over her—

"George!"

His arm was massive around her shoulders.

"George! Please! No, George! Please—"

Not till then did the horse's hooves sound in the soft turf, with Linda still in George's arms, and with Richard Alcot slowly dismounting. Because after all, as Linda had had in mind when she didn't want to see George, it was but four hours to Pottstown and back, and Alcot had been gone for six. Ample time for his return.

"I thought I'd stop off a minute on my way back," he said, eyes on her eyes. "I'm glad I came just now."



**"Honest, General, we've been so long under ground,
I've really got ants in my pants!"**

And you treated him like a king's son. Mahlon told me. And you're my girl."

"I've never said I was, George."

"But you are. You don't like any one else around here. And him? You've said yourself a girl must go slow, and you've only set eyes on him once. Him, a traitor to his king, carrying papers in his box between two bigger traitors. . . ." George stopped and drew a deep breath. "But

"Get along out of here," said George, voice dangerously even. "Lindy and I, we don't want you around."

But Alcot was looking at Celinda, not at George; and Linda's gray eyes had darkened almost into black.

"Go along," rasped George. "This is my girl. What we do is no concern of yours."

"Is that right, Celinda?" said Alcot.

"You damned rebel," said George hoarsely. "Get along that road."

"Do you want him to hold you like that, Celinda?"

Hibb snarled and lunged for Alcot so Alcot knocked him down, and he drove in again and Alcot knocked him down a second time, looking like a hickory beside an oak, with a whip and swiftness denied the oak. So George's scrabbling hand found the branch of a tree, and it lashed whistling forward as he got up and came in a third time.

The branch had fallen in the first place because it had rotted, and it broke now in George's hands, but not before it had smashed Alcot's guard aside and whipped hard across his forehead.

"George!"

Shaking, crying, she got his arms as they were raising for a downward lunge with the jagged end of the branch.

"George—you'll kill him—"

George looked at the sharp end of the branch, like a javelin, and looked at Celinda, crying and shivering over Alcot's moveless body, and looked, wide-eyed and pale, at the fence. And then he was climbing slowly over the fence and he had been gone for several minutes when Alcot opened his eyes and looked up. Looked up, because his head was on her lap.

"Don't talk," she said, as his lips moved.

She ripped cloth from her dress and touched at his forehead. "Don't try to talk."

But he persisted. "He . . . caught me neatly."

He struggled and managed to sit up; and on his forehead was a wide red welt that kept puffing outward even as Linda watched it, and from which slow drops came in spite of the piece of her dress.

"Did I . . . interrupt something I shouldn't have?" he asked gently.

"No," said Linda, trying to keep him down.

"I've got to go." There was apprehension in his eyes. "Have I been lying here long?"

"Not long," said Linda, touching at his forehead.

"Too long, whatever time it was." He was looking east, toward Philadelphia, straining his body a little that way. "I've got to hurry."

"You're not fit for travel," protested Linda.

"I must go."

She braced against his weight as he stood up; he would have fallen without her shoulder. He was staring down at her with the apprehension quickening in his eyes, and he was shaking his head as if to clear it. She caught at his arm as he went toward his mare.

"Wait at least till I bathe your forehead—"

"I can't. I shouldn't have stopped at all, but I saw you two from the road . . . I must hurry!"

(Continued on page 42)

4 Hours and Not a Strike...*then*

A Big Muskie!

Lucky that Ed Remembered "33 to 1"



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Man, what flavor—what smoothness—what sparkle! How does Pabst do it? By blending 33 fine brews to make *one* single glass! As in the finest coffee and champagne, it's this *expert blending* that gives Blue Ribbon Beer a goodness that *never* varies. Costly to do? Sure. But that's what makes it "33 to 1"—your lucky catch—your smartest bet in beer. Today—enjoy a glass, and *prove* it!



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(Continued from page 40)

His fingers held hers, hard. And presently he found his voice.

"I'll be back," he said. "You know that, don't you?"

But Linda didn't answer, was suddenly still and tense. Alcot looked to see why. His left hand corded on the reins and he started to get down again but didn't when he saw how slowly George was walking, as he came back, and when he saw that George looked only at Ce-linda and not at all at him.

"George . . ." said Linda, in a high, tight voice. She moved to the mare and stood with her back against Alcot's stirrup, as though whatever struck at Alcot must first pierce her.

George was looking down at that tree branch, now; the jagged branch that could have done such grim things to a man's unprotected abdomen if the arms behind the branch had not been caught and stayed. And he said, "Lindy, you wouldn't marry me now, ever, would you? No matter what might happen?"

"No, George," said Linda. "Not now. I'm sorry, George."

George Hibb stared at Alcot and looked away again, quickly, for the one glance had started slow fury climbing red in his throat.

"A girl must have time to know her mind," he said thickly. "So a man rides from the sunrise one day, and back into the sunrise the next—and she has had time!"

Alcot watched him warily but not in anger, with his right hand anxiously touching the brassbound box. And George still looked at the tree branch as he said to him, "Twelve miles east on the road there's an arrow in the back for you, and maybe a bullet alongside of it. Damn you!"

HE PASSED the little waterfall on his way among the trees, with the sun picking a rainbow out of its spray, and with a touch of the sun in his red-brown hair. And Alcot said softly, "He has changed history, I think, because he

holds you higher than himself and his beliefs."

But Linda wasn't interested in history, she was interested in living, as her eyes, grateful on the spot where George last had been, proclaimed without pretence.

"There's a Susquehanna trail four miles south of the regular road," she said unsteadily. "They'd never look for you there."

Alcot nodded. Almost steady in the saddle now, in spite of the broad welt on his forehead, he leaned far down and kissed her.

"It's only two days fast riding to Philadelphia and back," he said. "In two days, then."

He went swiftly toward the east, and Linda went, almost running, to the house. Two days. With materials as sparse as they must always be in a wilderness, that is a very short time in which to get together a trousseau. But that she would make it she did not fear.

The Message Center

(Continued from page 2)

est living novelist. Mr. Tarkington's radio play, *Lady Hamilton and Her Nelson*, turns back the clock to the days of Napoleon and an earlier crisis whose resemblance to that of today reminds one of the saying concerning human nature that the more it changes the more it's the same. "The Gentleman from Indiana" established Mr. Tarkington as a writer of national reputation at the turn of the century, and in the years since that time he has written books, plays and short stories which have been translated into many languages and read around the world.

BILL CUNNINGHAM returns to our columns with a smashing attack on Dr. Harold O. Rugg for the doctor's unequivocal statement that intercollegiate sports have no educational value whatever. Bill pulls no punches in his writing, because he believes, and most Americans agree with him, that competitive sports are one of the finest manifestations of life in this country, and that once they were allowed to go by the board we'd be on the way to the ash heap.

Speaking of sports, Tell Berna, who wrote the highly important *Speed Up Those Weapons*, is a lanky six-footer who first came into the public eye as a distance-runner at Cornell. Intercollegiate Cross Country Champion in 1910, he also established a record of 9 minutes, 17½ seconds for the two-mile run in 1912 which stood as the American record until 1929. He won the 3,000-meter race at the Olympic Games in 1912 at Stockholm.

Since his graduation from Cornell as a Mechanical Engineer he has worked as an electrical engineer and branch office manager for Cutler-Hammer, Inc. of Milwaukee, and as Sales Manager for three companies in the machine tool field. He has since 1937 been General Manager of the National Machine Tool Builders' Association, and in this capacity has been in close touch with many government departments, and has had an unrivaled opportunity to observe the strenuous efforts of that key industry to meet the tremendous demands of the defense program.

Tell Berna is no war-monger. He says he doesn't know anybody who wants war. The men in the machine tool industry shake their heads sadly, he says, and says "This sort of machine shouldn't be used for the job of killing men—but as long as this defense job has to be done, by God, let's pitch in and do it!"

Read his article—direct, manly, sincere, straight from the shoulder.

TO ALL Legionnaires: The Boy Scouts of America recently sent your magazine the following statistics: On December 31, 1940, Legion Posts were sponsoring 2,403 Scout Troops and 228 Cub Packs for a total of 2,631 units, compared with 2,590 at the end of 1939. Since these units have an average membership of 23 that means more than sixty thousand youngsters are learning the lessons of Americanism under Legion supervision. It makes us proud and happy.

HEREWITH the Department Conventions of 1941. The Department

of Florida held its convention in April, and Georgia, Maine, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Panama and Canada had their conventions scheduled for June. The remaining Department Conventions follow:

| Department | City | Dates |
|----------------------|--------------|--------------------|
| Alabama | Huntsville | July 13-14-15 |
| Alaska | Seward | September |
| Arizona | Prescott | Aug. 21-22-23 |
| Arkansas | Little Rock | July 21-22-23 |
| California | Sacramento | Aug. 11-12-13 |
| Colorado | Salida | Aug. 10-11-12 |
| Connecticut | Waterbury | July 24-25-26 |
| Delaware | Wilmington | Aug. 1-2 |
| District of Columbia | Washington | July 31-Aug. 1-2 |
| Hawaii | Hilo | August |
| Idaho | Boise | Aug. 17-20 |
| Illinois | Springfield | Aug. 22-23-24-25 |
| Indiana | South Bend | Aug. 17-18-19 |
| Iowa | Des Moines | Aug. 11-12-13 |
| Kansas | Topeka | Aug. 31-Sept. 1 |
| Kentucky | Lexington | July 21-22-23 |
| Louisiana | Baton Rouge | July 25-26-27 |
| Maryland | Baltimore | Aug. 13-14-15-16 |
| Massachusetts | Fall River | Aug. 21-22-23 |
| Michigan | Grand Rapids | Aug. 10-11-12 |
| Minnesota | St. Paul | Aug. 10-13 |
| Mississippi | Gulfport | July 20-21-22-23 |
| Missouri | Columbia | Sept. 1-2 |
| Montana | Red Lodge | July 10-11-12 |
| Nebraska | Hastings | Aug. 10-11-12 |
| Nevada | Ely | Aug. 14-15-16 |
| New Jersey | Wildwood | Sept. 4-5-6 |
| New York | Rochester | Aug. 14-15-16 |
| Ohio | Youngstown | Aug. 17-18-19 |
| Oklahoma | Muskogee | Aug. 30-31-Sept. 1 |
| Oregon | Eugene | July 20-23 |
| Pennsylvania | Altoona | Aug. 14-15-16 |
| Philippine Is. | Manila | July 4 |
| Puerto Rico | Guayama | July |
| South Dakota | Huron | Aug. 10-11-12-13 |
| Tennessee | Nashville | Aug. 31-Sept. 1-2 |
| Texas | Fort Worth | Aug. 17-18-19 |
| Utah | Logan | Aug. 7-8-9 |
| Vermont | Barre | July 25-26-27 |
| Virginia | Alexandria | Aug. 17-20 |
| Washington | Yakima | Aug. 14-15-16 |
| West Virginia | Huntington | Aug. 31-Sept. 1-2 |
| Wisconsin | Antigo | Aug. 2-3-4-5 |
| Wyoming | Sheridan | Aug. 14-15-16 |

THE EDITORS

Designed for **LEGIONNAIRES**

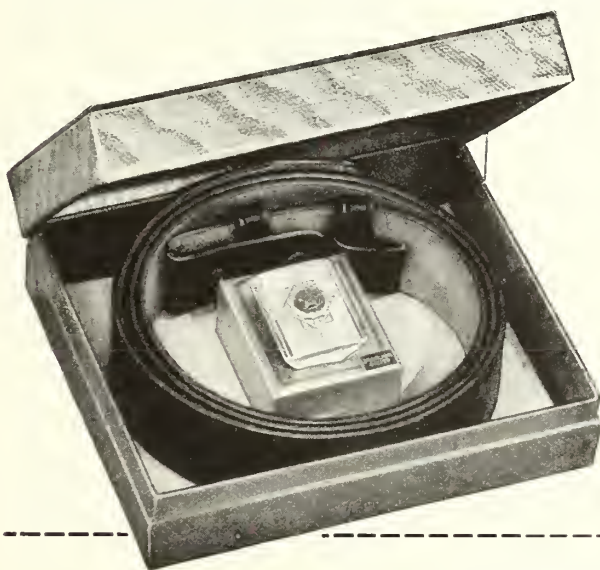


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Genuine sterling buckle with gold-plated emblem in colors, and hand-pierced monogram. Genuine full-grained steerhide belt, leather lined, in black or tan. In ordering, be sure to specify belt size and color. *This beautiful custom-made set requires ten days for delivery. No C.O.D. orders.*

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Speed up THOSE WEAPONS!

(Continued from page 5)

machine tool executive the other day, "but I don't see the enthusiasm."

That indeed is our present crisis. Our problem is to combat a state of mind. We are facing an overload of production for the next 18 months, and the man in the shop hasn't begun to realize what is needed of him. If he is a World War veteran, someone—and perhaps you Legionnaires can do it—should say to him, "What you do in the shop today is just as vital as what Americans did in France, twenty-three years ago." If he has a son in the Army or Navy, someone—and why not you men of the Legion—should point out that when that son reaches for a gun, the gun must be there!

Let's assume we have 1,350,000 machine tools in operation in our country's factories today. Suppose every workman at every one of these machine tools steps up his output just ten percent. That extra ten percent would be the equivalent of thousands of new machine tools, without waiting to build them, or to erect plants to house them, and without a single day's delay in putting them into production.

I hand that problem on to you men of The American Legion. Perhaps you can bring this thought to the men in the factories doing defense work in your own localities. Perhaps you can widen your own activities; perhaps you can bring into membership eligible men who have not been active in the Legion in recent years. Anything you can do will help, for this is a *national* problem.

It is well to think in real figures. The American Society of Tool Engineers made a careful estimate, late in 1940, to determine how many new skilled workmen would be needed for our defense job—and that means factories alone, without considering the repair and maintenance job for armies in the field. The figures showed that American industry is just now in need of 110,000 tool engineers, 310,000 tool and die makers, and 740,000 skilled mechanics—a total of more than 1,150,000 men. (You can find these figures and others in the splendid new book, *Arsenal of Democracy*, by Burnham Finney.)

Where can you get these men? In two ways. First, get greater production from present operators. Second, hire and train new operators.

We need new workmen, lots of them. Last year the machine tool industry doubled its manpower. That meant finding and training 40,000 new workmen and putting them in jobs where in some cases they handle and operate machine tools costing thousands of dollars. Today

we are turning out machines faster than men can be found to operate them.

This is no time for complacency. It is time we quit thinking about the last war, or the Civil War, or the Spanish-American War. The emergency is **REAL**, and it is **HERE. THIS IS NO PHONY WAR.** We may soon be fighting for the very existence of our country, of our way of living.

Here's an engineering college that requires its students to take military drill. Its senior class will graduate in June.



"I'm new here—can you tell me where the crap games are held?"

They are members of the R.O.T.C. Where are you going to put them? In officers' training camps? They are needed far more in production!

The R.O.T.C. is a fine thing, but don't take the reserve officers out of defense industries. Indeed, some reserve officers who have already been called from defense jobs at home should be sent back from camp.

It is not only the privilege of a draft board to defer a man, but its duty, when that man is doing important work in defense. A soldier in training is no good without a gun; a tank corps is futile without its tanks; and who's going to make the stuff?

Sometimes the draft board can make a helpful hint to the executive in industry. For example, one company had a young man stacking and distributing its steel stock. He was called by the draft. "This young man is just beginning to be useful," argued the employer. "He will be a good skilled workman, if you leave him here, because he has the picture of what we're doing in his mind." The draft board chairman was fair. "All right,

then," he said, "why don't you promote him to a job on a machine and put a new green hand in his place—because handling raw stock is no skilled job. But if that's the best place to break in new men, break them in, and keep them climbing!

Where are we going to get these new workmen? Well, every manufacturing company of any consequence has some sort of apprentice training program, or at least a training-within-industry schooling.*

To train an apprentice in any of the leading machine tool companies takes four long years, and only specially selected young men can qualify. The shorter courses for "learners" take much less time, depending on the nature of the machine and how much repetition there is in the work. Not infrequently a new man is producing effectively in two or three weeks. These employees, too, have been carefully selected. Each must give proof of citizenship. In many plants each workman wears a badge with his name and photograph on it.

Many young men have an idea that shop work is a matter for brawn, not brains—that there is nothing thrilling about working in a factory. As a matter of fact it calls for resourcefulness, ingenuity and skill, and there are plenty of chances now for men who can measure up to more responsible jobs.

A good shop mechanic must know blueprint reading, measuring tools, manufacturing standards, and shop mathematics, and must also have a comprehensive knowledge of materials. Most of this he can learn only by experience, not from books. He starts in as an "observer," merely standing around and handing tools to the veteran worker. Then he runs the machine under the operator's watchful eye, and finally is given a machine of his own.

There aren't enough technical schools in the country—but we can use their equipment three shifts a day. Any training a new workman can acquire helps avoid costly mistakes and delays when he gets into production.

Obviously, when hundreds of new factories around the country get into full production, thousands of new workers are going to be needed. Where will industry get these new workers?

The answer is, we'll use men now on less important jobs—soda jerkers, filling station hands perhaps, and elevator operators, and others doing work which girls can do or even an older person can do.

* See *One Less Bottleneck* in The American Legion Magazine, December, 1940.

We'll use women. There is much that women can do. The work is not heavy. You don't need muscle. Instead, you push a button, or move a fingerlever, and the machine does the work. What is needed is intelligence.

Can anybody do these defense jobs? Practically anybody, provided he is normally intelligent, has mechanical aptitude, and provided he *wants* to make good.

Now what can a young man do—a son perhaps of a Legionnaire? He's patriotic. He's loyal. He's anxious to do his share in holding down a defense job.

But there may not be a defense plant within 500 miles of his home. Should he hop a train or bus and ride to some city and apply at the employment office of the first big plant he sees?

No, that would be costly and might be discouraging. He may be able to find a job right near home.

That young man's best move is to write to the state employment office at his own state capital, and describe himself and ask what job or jobs he can apply for, and where. The same employment office can probably refer him to a technical school, or a trade school, where he can begin to acquire new skills while waiting to get that defense job.

But maybe mothers of sons of less than draft age think they would not care to have their boys work in a shop or factory. They may consider shop work

hard work, dangerous work, even degrading work! We need to visit the shops of 1941 to see how vastly this picture has changed since we peeked in the grimy windows of the small-town shops of our youth.

Today's shops and factories are clean and the machines themselves are clean and attractive. You have to have a clean, orderly shop to make close limits. Today work in a machine shop is careful work, close work. It is work that calls out the best in a workman. These new munitions plants will be modern and clean. What a young man learns there is good, useful training.

Useful? Absolutely. We are living in a mechanical age. A friend of mine surprised his friends recently by asking them, one by one, "How many electric motors do you have in your home?"

Several of his friends answered promptly, "That's easy. Two."

"Count them up!" said the questioner. "You remember the motor for the vacuum cleaner and the motor for the electric fan. But how about the refrigerator? Maybe you've got an air-conditioning device of some kind. Maybe there's a small motor in the gadget your wife uses to dry her hair." One home turned out to have fifteen electric motors—to the owner's surprise.

So the young man who learns shop practice in a defense plant today will find his skill will be useful in later life. Jobs

will be waiting in radio repair work, garages, and textile factories; in food packaging and handling; in industries not yet developed. A whole new and tremendous world will open to him, a world in which his chances of competing with his fellows are going to be greatly improved if he learns now to work with machines.

The work is far from dull. Indeed, it is fascinating. One machine tool firm wrote and published a textbook, called an operator's manual for the turret lathe. It is sincere, friendly and helpful, and is aimed to help a worker increase his skill. The book has sold 22,000 copies to date!

The opportunity is not confined just to young fellows. Indeed, one man, aged 44, formerly a small-town sporting goods dealer, is now operating a turret lathe, and is thrilled with his work.

Your middle-aged man is an important factor in a metal-working shop. He is a steadying influence, for this is no place for horseplay. Many men of forty, fifty and even more will be surprised to find they can operate a machine on a defense job. Obviously, an older man must be able to show he is a steady worker and not a drifter or a floater. But if his ambition is in the right place, there is no reason why any average Legionnaire, of average health and intelligence, could not begin to do important defense work, if he is not already profitably employed.

YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

FOR TASTE..QUALITY..VALUE!

OLD DRUM BRAND
Blended Whiskey

**HOLE-IN-ONE...
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!**

The advertisement features a large golf ball with a hole-in-one, a golf club, and a bottle of Old Drum Blended Whiskey. The bottle label includes the text "OLD DRUM BRAND", "Blended Whiskey", and "YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!". A small illustration of a drummer is also present.

Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY: 90 and 86 Proof — 75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

Lady Hamilton and her Nelson

(Continued from page 7)

DUCHESS: (*more skeptical*) Then it is glory that you love? You expect to find glory in being British Ambassadress to the King and Queen of Naples?

EMMA: I? No! How could I be anything that is glorious?

(*Laughs and then is gently serious*) Sir William Hamilton, in his great kindness, has just given me his name; but the name hasn't changed *me*. I'm just a girl of the people, your Grace. I've been a servant and very ignorant until a gentleman that liked me had me educated—*partly* educated. I've had two honors in my life: Mr. Romney likes to paint me and Sir William Hamilton has married me. I love Sir William and Mr. Romney for their great kindness in doing me these honors; but nothing permits me to hope for glory for myself.

DUCHESS: The wives of the British Ambassadors are expected to ingratiate themselves with Kings and Queens, Lady Hamilton. Won't you be a little afraid of the Queen of Naples?

EMMA: (*laughing*) Not so much as I am of you, your Grace—and that isn't *very* much, because your eyes are not unkind. Besides, Sir William and I have a little plan.

SIR WILLIAM: Yes; tell the Duchess of your plan, Emma.

EMMA: You know how families are, your Grace, when one of 'em's in trouble. The poor Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, is in *great* trouble—almost a prisoner because the people are threatening revolution. It is hard for her family to get true news from her. Sir William and I shall stop in Paris on our way to Naples, and, as an Ambassadress, I shall be able to see Marie Antoinette. I shall offer to carry a private letter from her telling all about herself to her sister, the Queen of Naples. I hope the Queen of Naples will like me a little for that. Don't you think she might, your Grace?

DUCHESS: She might. Tell me some more about the glory you say you love. What do you think glory is, Lady Hamilton?

EMMA: I think it is doing something glorious for England.

ROMNEY: Bravo, Emma! (*Change of tone*) There. I've made the last touch. The portrait is finished.

SIR WILLIAM: Emma, we must be off in something of a breathless haste, I fear. The Prime Minister—

EMMA: (*with tears in her voice*) Dear, dear Mr. Romney, good-bye! No, you must let your poor Emma embrace you. Good-bye! Wish me a

good voyage to Naples and pray for me when I'm there . . . I thank your Grace for helping me to chatter.

SIR WILLIAM: (*urging*) Emma—

EMMA: Yes. I'm coming. (*in a choked voice*) Good-bye, Mr. Romney.

(*Sound of door closing*)

DUCHESS: You gave the last touch to the portrait, Mr. Romney, just when she said that glory would be doing something glorious for *England*!

ROMNEY: Yes. Your Grace likes the picture?

DUCHESS: Yes, I like it—and its subject. But how can that poor dear natural sweet lively creature expect

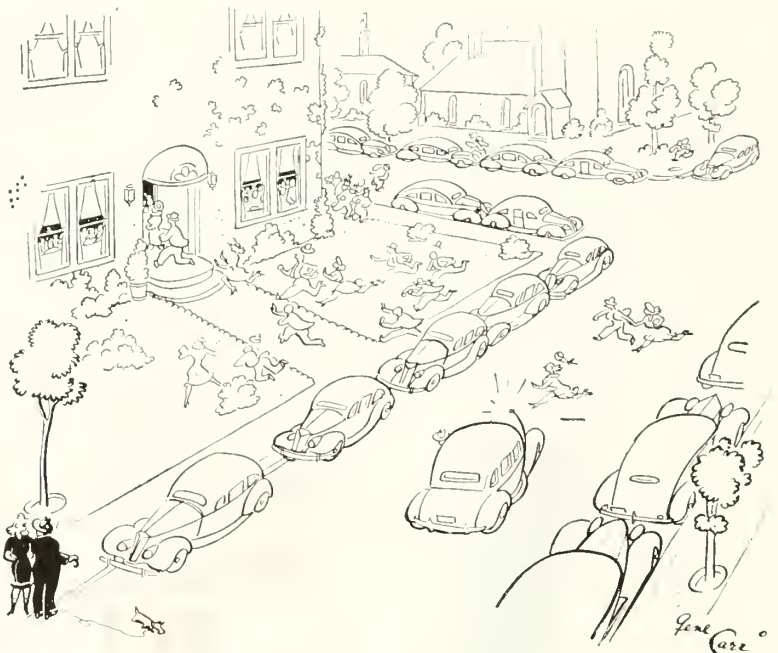
SECRETARY: (*with undercurrent of hushed excitement*) Your Excellency, the Queen of Naples is here in the Embassy.

SIR WILLIAM: (*in a low voice, excited and delighted*) Again! Her Majesty doesn't forget that two years ago Lady Hamilton brought her the last letter she ever had from her martyred sister. Listen! (*INCREDULOUSLY*) Is that the *Queen*—the *Queen singing*?

SECRETARY: Your Excellency, the door is ajar. I will push it a little wider.

SIR WILLIAM: Listen!

THE QUEEN: (*Her voice a deep contralto with slight accent*) 'Ow do I



"No, the funeral was yesterday! They're opening the will today."

to win the liking—it should even be friendship—of a great Queen?

ROMNEY: She has won yours, hasn't she?—in a matter of moments, your Grace?

DUCHESS: Upon my soul—so she *has*, Mr. Romney!

(*The music following the last speech of Scene I carries with it a hint of typical Neapolitan airs, phrases of "SANTA LUCIA," "BELLA NAPOLI" or "FINICULI, FINICULA" . . . —anachronistic in that these songs are later than the period of the story; but the value seems greater than the anachronism.*)

SCENE II

SIR WILLIAM: Where is my Lady Hamilton?

do? Teach me that again, my Emma. EMMA: No. This time together. Sing *with* me.

THE QUEEN: (*laughing delightedly*) Yes, my dear child. I like to sing your English song; I like to be English because you are.

EMMA: Then sing, your Majesty!

EMMA & QUEEN: (*singing together*) God save our gracious King
Long live our noble King
God save the King!

THE QUEEN: Now what we do?

EMMA: We shout. We shout Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

EMMA & QUEEN: Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

SIR WILLIAM: (*in a lowered voice but excitedly pleased*) This is beyond all expectation!

SECRETARY: Your Excellency, Her Maj-

esty is leaving by the other door.
SIR WILLIAM: (to himself) Beyond belief! What a treasure!

SECRETARY: Your Excellency, Her Majesty is gone.

SIR WILLIAM: Go fetch that naval officer who's waiting below.

SECRETARY: Yes, Excellency.

(Door opens and closes)

SIR WILLIAM: (calling) Emma!

EMMA: (questioningly) Dear Sir William? You called me?

(Sound of door closing)

SIR WILLIAM: Emma, everybody who comes near you is your devoted friend. Your beauty—

EMMA: No, it is because they see I am their friend, and truly so.

SIR WILLIAM: Even the Queen herself!

EMMA: She is a woman—and a dear lovely one. It makes me happy to please her. It makes me happy if I please you, Sir William.

SIR WILLIAM: My child, I can do nothing without you. An hour ago the British man-of-war *Agamemnon* came into the harbor—

EMMA: (eagerly) Oh, can we go aboard of her?

SIR WILLIAM: Not now. The Captain of the *Agamemnon* has just reached the Embassy. He is a thin young man, very eager; but I've had only a word with him and—

(Sound of door opening)

SECRETARY: Your Excellency, Captain Horatio Nelson of the *Agamemnon*.

EMMA: (half smothered little outcry) Oh!

(Door closes as SECRETARY goes out)

SIR WILLIAM: Captain Nelson, I do you the honor to present you to Lady Hamilton.

NELSON: Madam, it is an honor.

SIR WILLIAM: Captain Nelson, I have no diplomatic secrets from Lady Hamilton.

NELSON: Then, your Excellencies, I'll speak my errand sailor-like. The time is short. The British fleet has taken Toulon from the French; but we've got to have troops to hold it. The King of Naples agreed to that; but no troops of his are on the move. I've been sent to know why not. Your Excellencies, I shall have to ask the King.

EMMA: Sir William, Captain Nelson must have an audience with the King—and the Queen. It should be this day.

SIR WILLIAM: You advise me to see to it now, Emma?

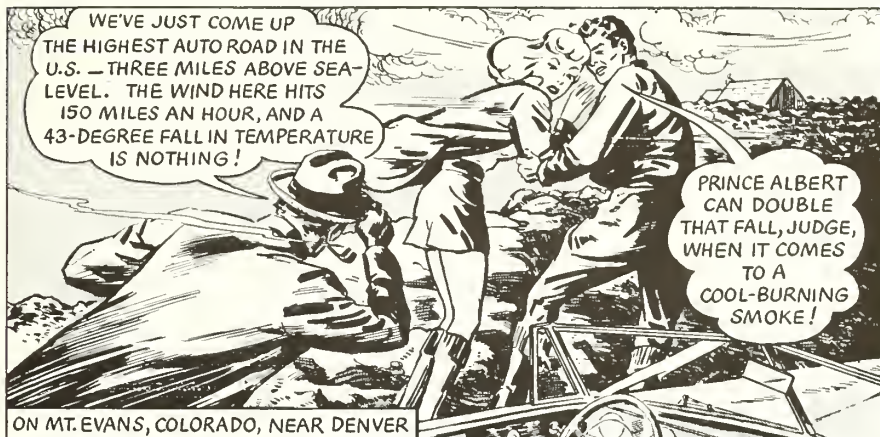
EMMA: (emphatically) Yes!

SIR WILLIAM: Your servant, Captain Nelson. It shall be done.

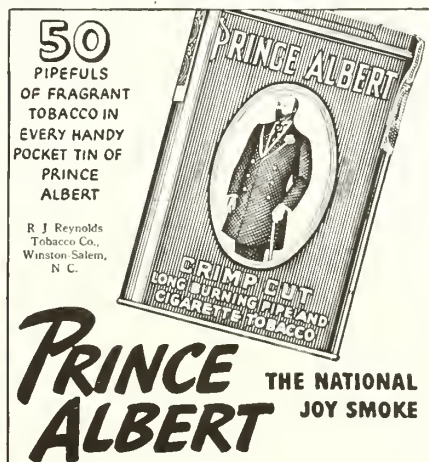
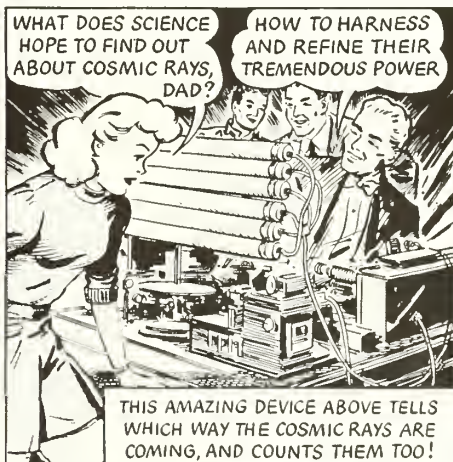
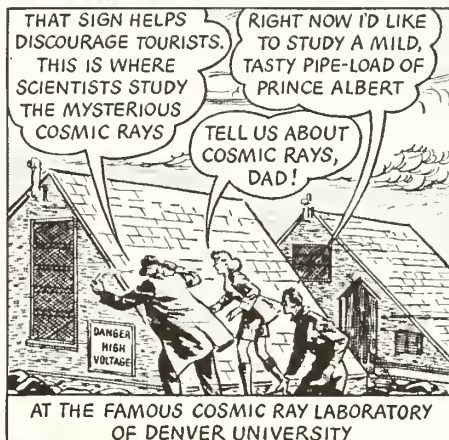
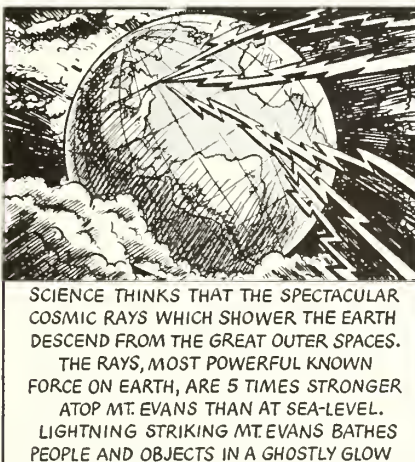
(Door opens and closes)

EMMA: (briskly and authoritatively) Captain Nelson, you said your time here is short. That means Sir William and you are to persuade the King of Naples to send troops immediately and you are to convoy them?

WONDERS OF AMERICA Most Powerful Force on Earth!



IN RECENT LABORATORY
"SMOKING BOWL" TESTS,
PRINCE ALBERT BURNED
86 DEGREES COOLER
THAN THE AVERAGE OF
THE 30 OTHER OF THE
LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS
TESTED — **COOLEST OF ALL!**



NELSON: Madam, I am to keep the sea clear for them. No trouble about that!

EMMA: "No trouble about that!" How I love to hear an English sailor speak of clearing the sea of the enemy and just say, "No trouble about that!"

NELSON: Madam, an English sailor can say it *now*. For the future, I don't know; but we'll try.

EMMA: We'll *all* try, we English. The French Revolution is an earthquake that shakes the whole world, Captain Nelson. Such a convulsion in human affairs cannot *be* without producing war *on* war. England will have to fight until this *planet* is quieted.

NELSON: Madam, it takes many years to quiet a planet.

EMMA: (*slowly*) I think—I think you will help to quiet it, Captain Nelson.

NELSON: Thank you, Madam. The British Navy *can* be made the greatest weapon in the world, and I hope I may be where it must fight the hardest.

EMMA: You have *seen* much fighting, sir?

NELSON: Not enough for any glory, Madam. If it be a sin to covet glory then I am the most offending soul alive.

EMMA: What do you think *is* glory?
NELSON: I think it is helping to make England glorious.

EMMA: Oh!

NELSON: That displeases you?

EMMA: No! Would it displease me to hear my own dearest thought spoken? You live for the glory that I do. All my life I've said and said, "Oh, if I were a man!" and *now*, "Oh, if I were a man who could fight for England!" If I *were*, I think you are the very man that I would be, Captain Nelson.

NELSON: Lady Hamilton!

EMMA: (*with a little rueful laugh*) Even yet I'm not used to being called "Lady Hamilton!" I'm not truly a ladyship, Captain Nelson, and never shall be. I wouldn't give sixpence to call the King my uncle! I'm a woman of the people—the *English* people. You and I could be just man to man, I think—two who live for glory—the glory of England.

NELSON: Madam, as you speak you *look* like that very glory! For its sake I've thought to let my poor body be shot to pieces—so to make glory my friend.

EMMA: Do you wish *another* friend?

NELSON: I'd wish nothing more if I could make you that.

EMMA: I think you could. Not a lukewarm friend, though. I fear I do nothing by halves. How short must your time be here?

NELSON: A few days at the most. Our work on the sea starts fast.

EMMA: So when you've sailed, you may not be again at Naples until—

NELSON: Till God knows when. More likely years than months.

EMMA: When you came into this room—was it only a few moments ago?—I had a—a thought of you. I saw you, and I thought this: "There is a man who would be the first to go forth to fight our battles and the last to return!"

NELSON: Then your thought of me gives me everything I need to make it true.

EMMA: If it is years before you come again I'll still be your friend.

NELSON: And if it be years I'll still think of you when I think of glory. (*There is a sound of a distant bugle*)

EMMA: That bugle call is from your ship?

NELSON: Yes, it means that a bit of news has come and a wasp's nest been located—French frigates. I'll have to sail as soon as I've spoken to the King.

(*Sound of bugle again*)

Ah, how quickly will end this day.

EMMA: It is only the first one, Captain Nelson.

(*The music concluding the Scene might hint at "ROBIN ADAIR" and then go into an old Italian dance—Scarlatti?—and a sound of voices chattering Italian decorously as at a Court Ball.*)

SCENE III

QUEEN: (*lowered voice*) Come into this corner with me, my Emma. I have private news for you.

EMMA: I thank your Majesty.

QUEEN: You may tell your husband secretly that we of Naples have made a treaty of neutrality with France—that is, with this General Bonaparte, of course.

EMMA: (*sadly*) Sir William and I knew it would come; we were afraid of it.

QUEEN: My child, is that why you have been so pale all evening?

EMMA: No.

QUEEN: Ha!—I guess the reason you are pale! You've had news again of your hero. Is it?

EMMA: Yes.

QUEEN: This is the strangest thing! You never saw your Captain Nelson but once, three years ago, and yet he is still your chosen among men.

EMMA: (*coldly*) I've told you we write to each other.

QUEEN: Write? Ah, but all politics and war, you said, and never a single love letter!

EMMA: No, never one. Love *letters* are not always needed.

QUEEN: (*teasingly*) I see. Not needed between people who have found out they have the same soul. So you write to each other war and politics for three years—and yet you are still able to turn pale about him. (*teasingly*) Has he been killed?

EMMA: (*protesting emotionally*) No!

QUEEN: Wounded? In the sea fighting at Calvi?

EMMA: He was shot in the *eye*! He has written to Sir William—and to me—that he still has his *other* eye, so it is nothing!

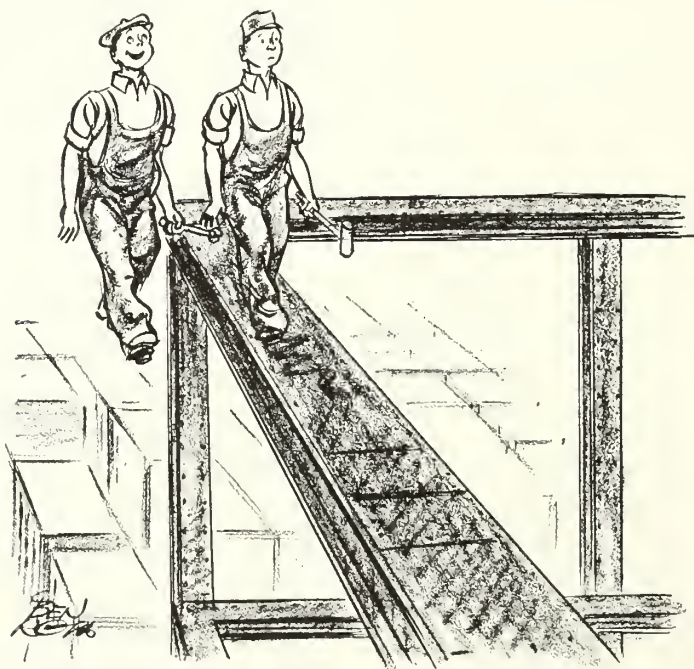
QUEEN: He says losing his *eye* is nossing?

EMMA: (*suggestion of a sob mingling with fond and proud laughter in her voice*) I knew he would be like that!

QUEEN: The King is looking for us. You are to pose in the tableau as Iphigenia for the Court. Do you feel too sad?

EMMA: No. I only feel proud!

(*The music concluding this Scene*)



"Boy, what a grand and glorious feeling—to think I'm getting married tomorrow."

might suggest Juliet's song, from Tchaikowsky's "ROMEO AND JULIET.")

SCENE IV

(Sound of opening and closing of door)

SIR WILLIAM: Emma, I—oh, you're writing. I'll not disturb you.

EMMA: No, I can listen, too. What is it, dear Sir William?

SIR WILLIAM: (despondently) Just—discouragement! Emma, the shadow that rose from the French Revolution grows gigantic. It falls over all Europe.

EMMA: The black shadow of one man, Napoleon Bonaparte. Fear of him is in every heart in the world—except some stout British hearts, Sir William.

SIR WILLIAM: Fear of him has kept Naples neutral for two years, and I can't shake the King from it. Emma—I can't. I'm old and useless, Emma.

EMMA: (with affectionate indignation) You are not! When you say that, it is a reproach to me—that I let you feel old. There. My letter is finished.

SIR WILLIAM: It is to our great friend?

EMMA: Yes, to our great friend—(with fond pride) the Admiral.

SIR WILLIAM: When we first saw him, Emma, I knew he'd be an Admiral some day—

EMMA: (interrupting) Yes, we knew what he could do.

SIR WILLIAM: But now, alas, we know what he cannot do. That's why I feel so old and so useless today. Emma.

EMMA: No, I told you you mustn't.

SIR WILLIAM: (despairingly) I've been two hours with the King of Naples. His fear of Bonaparte is like his fear of death. He swore to me he'd never let the British fleet supply itself at a Sicilian port. That means that Nelson's chance of holding the Mediterranean for England is gone. I've written Nelson so.

EMMA: My letter tells him he shall have his chance to stop Bonaparte. Sir William. Here! Be sure to send it with yours.

SIR WILLIAM: My dear, my dear, don't waste your time hoping to change the King.

EMMA: (determinedly) No. I'll not waste my time. Tell them to let me have the state carriage. Sir William. I'm going to the palace.

SIR WILLIAM: (nervously) I'll pray for you, Emma.

EMMA: No; pray for the poor King of Naples! He'll need it.

(Music spiritedly martial hinting of Tchaikowsky's "1812" with the "MARSEILLAISE" phrase heard threateningly in it.)

SCENE V

(The momentary departing chatter of women's voices speaking in

Italian, and then the Queen, Maria Carolina, speaks in English.)

QUEEN: So! Dear friend, I always send all my poor ladies away when you come looking as you are looking now, oh, so serious!

EMMA: I thank your Majesty.

QUEEN: (laughing) Emma, you are going to speak to me again somesing about your hero. I can always tell—yet I am always surprised.

EMMA: Why?

QUEEN: What! To talk—and to think—so long of a man you saw just once.

How long ago now is it he is gone? EMMA: Five years.

QUEEN: Five year!—and oh, what now is left of that poor man!

EMMA: His heart is left, and I tell your Majesty it is the heart of England.

QUEEN: May be. But he is so mutilated he—

EMMA: (interrupting with great spirit) His eye was lost two years at Calvi and his right arm was shot away at Santa Cruz—

QUEEN: (compassionately rallying her)



"I judge the telephone company by the people who work for it"

A little while ago a Vermont newspaper editor, John Hooper, commented on the telephone company and its people. His words express so well the ideals toward which we are striving that we quote them here.

"I DON'T know how big the telephone company is, but it is big enough to exceed my mental grasp of business.

"But I don't find myself thinking of it as a business, even in my day-to-day contacts. Rather, my attention is on the voice that says, 'Number, please.' I find myself wondering if that voice is feeling as well as it always seems to, or if it feels just as hot and weary as I do, and would say so if it wasn't the kind of voice it is.

"The first time the business angle really struck home was when I read that my friend Carl had completed thirty years with the company.

"Now it happens that I know something of those thirty years, and I believe they are a credit both to Carl and the big business for which he works.

"In 1907 Carl was a high school boy confronted with the need for earning

money in his spare time. He happened to get a job as Saturday night operator in the telephone exchange. He worked at this job for three years and then entered the university.

"After graduation, he was hired full time by the telephone company, not in an 'executive' position which some folks think goes with a college diploma, but as a lineman.

"Within a year he was made wire chief of the district, a job which he held for the next ten years. He was then transferred to a larger city as manager of the office—then promoted to sales manager of the division.

"A year later he was sent to another State, as district manager. In less than a year after this appointment, he was made manager for the entire State.

"I don't know much about the telephone company as a business; I can only judge it by the people who work for it. Just where the dividing line is between a business and the people who work for it, I don't know. I don't think there is any line."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



My child, when a little more of him is shot away what will there be left of him for you to love?

EMMA: His glory. That will be left for me to love and the world to honor.

QUEEN: You English are *so* strange. Your husband loves him too (*laughs*). Neapolitan husbands are not much like that, even the old ones. Well, I am afraid both you and the Ambassador must bear disappointment from my husband, you poor child. Naples must keep her neutrality.

EMMA: Your neutrality? You *still* talk of that?

QUEEN: We must keep it or our own kingdom is lost. Don't you know Bonaparte's great war fleet lies just across the Mediterranean? If we do *one thing* for England those Bonaparte warships will devour us.

EMMA: They will devour you if you do *not* do one thing for England!

QUEEN: (*protestively*) Break our neutrality?

EMMA: Neutrality is a word that has destroyed the continent of Europe! Look at this man, this Bonaparte! He *eats* one country after another—one at a time—and do you think your turn will not come? It would be your turn *already* except for England. Bonaparte *has* all *Europe*. What still stands? England! In all the world my country alone still stands against him.

QUEEN: (*nervously*) Yes. These conquerors are terrible. They are devils.

EMMA: You'll find Bonaparte too big a devil for *you*—unless you decide to be an angel.

QUEEN: (*distressed*) How *can* I be an angel?

EMMA: Think a little of this Bonaparte. Since Genghis Khan came out of the East murdering whole peoples, the world has not been in such danger, and Bonaparte is a man like Genghis Khan. The conquerors cannot stop, they destroy and destroy until *they* are destroyed—or put in a cage. Bonaparte is taking Egypt now, and if he is not stopped he will go on to take Syria and all the East and then he will come back—and do you think he will leave your little kingdom of Naples and Sicily as he passes by? No, he will eat *you* in one little mouthful unless England holds the Mediterranean. *Who* holds the Mediterranean for England? *One* man. His name is Nelson!

QUEEN: (*protesting nervously*)

EMMA: "Madness" is it? Against the conqueror of the world there stands that one brave figure—yes, as you say, a mutilated figure—Nelson, with his poor eye gone and his poor right arm gone; but he *is* England, and now has come his great chance, England's great chance—to fight the monster at last. To *fight* Bonaparte, do you hear? We only ask to *fight*

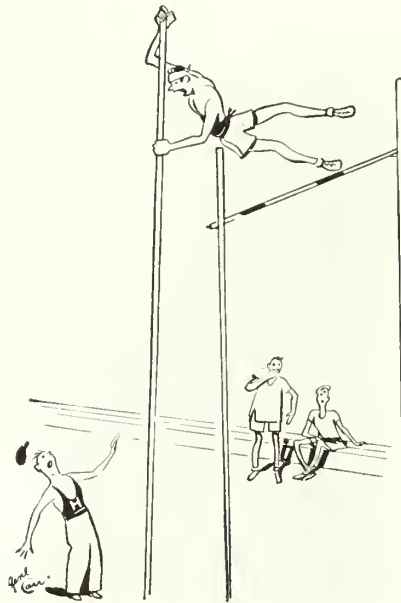
him for the world—to save the whole world from him (*with great bitterness*). And you stop us with that word neutrality. *That* is "madness!"

QUEEN: (*stubbornly*) We cannot help it!

EMMA: You *can*! You can give us our fight!

QUEEN: We cannot.

EMMA: You *must*. Oh, yes, I know! I'm saying "must" to the Queen; but it's life or death for *you* as well



"What do I do now, Coach?"

as the rest of us, so I say "must" again! You must!

QUEEN: (*coldly*) My poor child, you are in a frenzy.

EMMA: So should you be—in a frenzy of fear! Yonder, just off Egypt, lie Bonaparte's warships—and there Nelson can fight them and sink them, blow them to powder, if he can *reach* them. He's come down the Mediterranean; he's on his way; he's off your island of Sicily now—but he can't go *on* unless you let him water and victual his ships in your Sicilian ports. If he has to go all the way back to Gibraltar for that, the chance is lost. All you have to do is to say that he can take his ships into Syracuse or—

QUEEN: No! No! My husband is in a horrible terror of Bonaparte. He would *never* sign such an order! You know the King yourself, my child—how frightened he is and how stubborn. I could *never* persuade him!

EMMA: I don't ask you to persuade him. *You* are the Queen. An order from you would be respected in any port of Sicily as much as the King's.

QUEEN: What? I? You ask *me* to do it secretly from the King?

EMMA: On my knees. No, don't turn your face away. Look at me! Look at me! Once you called me your

daughter. Haven't you said that you loved me? Haven't you said that you loved England in me? Sit down now at your desk and give that order. Give me that order and give me my life! Give me England's life. Nelson will save the world and you and Naples with it. *Write* this order, *write* it, *write* it—and give it to me to send to Nelson!

QUEEN: I am crazy. I do love you as a daughter. I will do it.

EMMA: Angel, angel, angel!

(*Music with battle motif and probably hints from Tchaikowsky's "1812" with the "MARSEILLAISE" more strongly marked and "RULE BRITANNIA" hinted as in conflict with it.*)

SCENE VI

EMMA: (*as if pacing the floor in great impatience and greater suspense*) Rumors—rumors, rumors! Bring me news, I tell you! *True* news! Am I to pace this floor forever without news?

SECRETARY: I *wish* I had news for you, Lady Hamilton—good news. We know that our fleet *has* engaged the French ships; but that—

EMMA: But that is *all*—and it was *days* ago! Who had the victory? Will no one bring us news?

(*Opening and closing of door*)

SIR WILLIAM: Nothing yet, dear Emma. We still must bear the waiting, child.

EMMA: Bear it how many more days and nights? How *can* I?

SIR WILLIAM: How can we *all*—we English here in Naples?

EMMA: (*passionately*) I said how *can* I? It was I that took the responsibility and made the chance for him to fight. If we lose, England has lost the Mediterranean, Europe's enslaved, my Queen has lost Naples, *everything* is lost. How can I wait to know what I have *done*?

SIR WILLIAM: I understand, Emma. But our great friend the Admiral—

EMMA: (*interrupting*) If we have lost, "our great friend the Admiral" will be dead. He will never come away except with victory.

(*Long and quick opening of door*)

SECRETARY: (*excited*) Your Excellencies! Captain Troubridge landed from a sloop o' war at Castellamare at noon, took horse and came on with this letter from the Admiral for Lady Hamilton.

EMMA: (*greatly excited*) A letter from *him*—written *after* the battle. Then he is alive and we have *won*—

SIR WILLIAM & SECRETARY: Read the letter! Read! Read! Read!

EMMA: (*reading*) "Bonaparte's fleet is destroyed. . . . Without your help we should have failed. . . . I come to bring this victory to *you*—"

SIR WILLIAM & SECRETARY: Huzzah!

Huzzah! Hurrah! Victory is ours!
 EMMA: (*reading*) The Admiral says:
 "I fear you must see me with a
 bandaged head; but another wound
 for our country means (*she falters*)
 means nothing" (*faintly*)—ah—
 SIR WILLIAM: Catch her! Lady Hamil-
 ton is fainting!
 EMMA: I am not! Let me go!
 (*Door opening hurriedly*)
 3D SECRETARY: The whole British fleet
 has been sighted. It's coming into the
 Bay. Victory!
 EMMA: Bring the Ambassador's sloop
 to the dock. We'll go to meet the
 fleet, Sir William. We'll go to meet
 the victor!
 ALL: Victory! Victory!
 Music: "RULE BRITANNIA"

SCENE VII

(*Music tapering off to sound of
 bugles, and then a single bugle.
 Sounds of orders being shouted and
 movements of ships in water.*)

SIR WILLIAM: (*excitedly*) This is the
 flagship! There. Easy, men. Emma,
 can you mount this ladder?

EMMA: Can I?

SIR WILLIAM: Up with you, then!

(*Bugle and orders—sound of men
 cheering*)

NELSON: (*breathless*) Emma! England
 owes the victory of the Nile to you—
 EMMA: (*laughing almost hysterically*)

Ah, your poor head! You still have
 an arm—Put it 'round me—

(*Cheering, the bugle and music—
 "SEE THE CONQUERING HERO
 COMES"—changing to a slower
 pathetic movement.*)

SCENE VIII

SIR WILLIAM: (*in a feeble voice*) Yes—
 that was a great day, Emma, when
 we met Nelson on his battered flag-
 ship after he'd won the Battle of the
 Nile. I knew then—my dear, I've al-
 ways known—what you felt for him.

EMMA: (*weeping*) You've always known
 how I love you, dear Sir William.

SIR WILLIAM: Yes, yes; I've known
 that, too. You've made my life so
 happy that it's hard to leave it be-
 hind me; but now I must, my dear.
 I'm going.

EMMA: No! No!

SIR WILLIAM: Yes, I shan't be with
 you when morning comes, dear
 Emma. I'm glad for these good last
 years together here—in England. I
 thank you.

EMMA: Oh, no. I thank you—always!

SIR WILLIAM: I love him, too, Emma.

We both have always loved him for
 the same reason—England. You and
 he must find happiness now together.
 It will never be as much as you have
 given me. Is he—is he here?

NELSON: (*in a deeply moved voice*)
 Yes. I'm here, dear old friend.

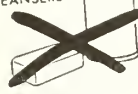
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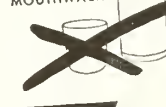
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SIR WILLIAM. You both understand—you both understand everything. So do I.

EMMA: (*weeping*) Ah—dear Sir William! Dear Sir William!



"Hello, composing room—insert the following on page one: 'The characters mentioned in this newspaper are all imaginary and have no reference to anyone bearing the same name!'—That'll stop these lawsuits!"

(*Music is sorrowful for a moment; then it becomes pastoral, in an echo from Beethoven's "PASTORAL SYMPHONY."*)

SCENE IX

(*Sound of wheels and horses' hoofs on gravel*)

1ST SERVANT: Whoa, there! Whoa, you fool!

2ND SERVANT: Is my Lord's sword in the postchaise?

1ST SERVANT: Yes. All packed and stowed away. All's ready.

2ND SERVANT: Never has long with my Lady, poor creatures. Those Frenchies don't give him much peace.

1ST SERVANT: Where's my Lord?

2ND SERVANT: Just round the corner of the house—with her. See 'em?

1ST SERVANT: Aye, poor lady!

NELSON: This placid country life of ours here at Merton, Emma, how beautiful it's been! The English woods and English meadows about us—instead of a stormy sea and cannon fire.

EMMA: And yet to-day it doesn't seem real, does it? It doesn't seem possible—this quiet country and the sky with no clouds—and yet Bonaparte yonder just across our British Channel with an army crouching and his barges ready for invasion! Invasion of England, our England! He shall never!

NELSON: No, he shall never. Emma, I must find courage to tell you. Bonaparte has ships enough now to make the crossing. Nothing can save us from that invasion if our fleet doesn't destroy his. We held the Mediterranean against him; but now we've got to

hold our own seas against him. I told you I was just going up to London, dear; but I won't be back—not for some time.

EMMA: I know. How could I not know? I'll go with you—that far—to London. (*falteringly*) The Prime Minister has requested you to lead our fleet again?

NELSON: (*grimly*) No. I told him I would.

EMMA: (*brokenly*) Our life has been a life of good-byes—just meetings and farewells. Ah, it costs a woman to love a sailor.

NELSON: Emma, I'll bring you victory again.

EMMA: (*with great feeling and meaning*) Yes, bring it. Bring it! Oh, be sure you bring it! Be sure you come to me with it!

(*The music closing this scene and opening the next one is again Tchaikovsky's "1812"—the battle and THE MARSEILLAISE—then, after a moment of silence—*)

SCENE X

(*There is a noise of distant shouting, horses' hoofs on cobbled streets*)

EMMA: (*strickenly*) News! News! How often and how long must I wait for news of Nelson? It was my pride that he should go forth—oh, I could have kept him! Why didn't I? News! Give me news!

A WAITING-WOMAN: Your ladyship! Your ladyship! The people are run-

ning and shouting in the streets. There is news!

(*The shouting grows louder; voices cry: "Victory! Victory! Nelson and Trafalgar! Trafalgar!"*)

(*A peal of victory bells is heard*)

EMMA: Victory! Victory! With Nelson it is always victory!

(*Peal of bells again*)

NEWS VENDOR'S SHRILL VOICE: Defeat of the French! Nelson destroys the whole French fleet at Trafalgar! The danger of invasion is over! Nelson! Nelson—

EMMA: (*loudly*) Nelson! It's more about Nelson! Listen!

WAITING-WOMAN: (*crying out pleadingly*) My Lady! My Lady, don't listen!

NEWS VENDOR'S SHRILL VOICE: Admiral Nelson is shot! Admiral Nelson dies on his ship in the hour of victory! Nelson is dead! Trafalgar! Trafalgar!

EMMA: (*a broken wail*) Trafalgar!

(*The music becomes triumphant, is the close of the "1812" with a great and joyous clamor of chimes and bells ringing loudly. It stops abruptly and a man's deep voice is heard*)

DEEP VOICE: Emma Hamilton, Emma Hamilton—Nelson is dead. What is there left of him for you to love now?

EMMA: His glory! He lived for it, and so did I. His glory is left, and it shall live as long as England lives—and England shall never die.

(*The bells are heard again, and the music swells solemnly into "GOD SAVE THE KING"*)

THE END



Following a custom of several years' standing, some sixty brand-new cars will be loaned for official use, courtesy of the Ford Motor Company, at the Milwaukee National Convention. Above, Legionnaire H. C. Doss, Ford Motor Post, General Sales Manager of the Ford organization, presents the first of the cars to George R. Howitt, President of the Convention Corporation

DOWN--AND Out?

(Continued from page 15)

sea, all over de world. Also, more important, it'ss de language off alla beeg seaportss, an' I don' wanta have my young men geeped, ass you say, w'en dey're on shore leaf! How dey goin' explain t'ings to de police, anyw'ere from Singapore to San Francisco, if dey don' knowa English?

"Same-a goess for boxing! Every mana who goess outa here gotta know how to use his feests in fight, in a bar, or on backa streets, or in odder place—you getta me! An' he gotta box to *ween!* Won't hava any Italian officer an' gentleman using a stiletto or a gun, like a peasant or longshoreman. Gotta be able to settla wid his feests!"

"That's extremely interesting, and sounds very practical, Admiral," I rejoined, really impressed. "But where do you teach them navigation, and all the rest?"

"Out on da schoola-sheep, you see out dere in de harbor," he replied. "Only way teach dose teens iss on salta water! No use in classrooms!"

"Quite right, sir," I answered. "Looks like a fine full-rigger from here. I hope the Duce's program will give us time to visit it; with your permission, of course. And by the way, Admiral, what is the name of your training ship?"

He screwed that incorrigible monocle into his eye again, and pierced me with a shark-like stare. Then he gave me the salvo:

"You oughtta know, Meester: *Il Cristoforo Colombo!*"

Ouch! From that day to this, I have always thought at least twice before trying to high-hat *any* foreigners!

TO GET back to Mussolini; we piled into our waiting cars, and followed him down to the big square by the dockside. Forte and I, thanks to our press passes, got good places right under the stand from which he was to talk. He led off with the usual diatribes against democracies—then-powerful Republican France had just turned him down on a much-needed \$100,000,000 loan—and against that old bugaboo of all dictators, the arch-fiend Freemasonry. "Old stuff," I whispered to Ralph; and the evil little Bostonian cackled as loud as he dared.

Then all of a sudden there came an interruption from the crowd. I honestly don't know to this day whether it was staged or spontaneous. Knowing Mussolini—that superb showman, while he had it—as I do, I'm inclined to think it was cooked up. Anyway, here's what happened:

As Benito slowed down for a moment,

a burly, gnarled old 'shoreman on the edge of the mob, using the familiar second person plural so rare in formal Italian but so common in the dialects, shouted out:

"Duce! Give us back Italian Dalmatia!"

"*Ben detto!*" (Well said) the Big Boy snapped back. (He had been getting in some nasty digs at Yugoslavia in his talk, and this fitted right in.) But did he or did he not reckon on the follow?

"And Corsica!" yelled another old-timer.

"And Nice!" shouted still another.

"*And Savoy!*" bellowed a fourth.

Well, if he hadn't planned that series of demands beforehand, he was stymied. All the last-three mentioned possessions belonged to neighboring, then still wealthy and mighty France, whose bankers and premier had just slapped his broad, out-thrust jaw (he was to stab France in the back just a bit over ten years later. . . .). Forte and I scanned his face anxiously.

He took a full thirty seconds' pause, looked gloweringly down at us two below, and then holed out:

"I measure my words, and I hope they will go far beyond the hearing of this audience." (That for us, we thought.) "We are not *amatori* of precipitate adventures. But what I will say is that no power on earth can halt the conquering, forward march of Fascist Italy!"

The crowd roared. (Carried away by him, I'm ashamed now to admit I did too.) Then, stimulated by that spontaneous yell, he swung into his windup:

"Men and women of Leghorn! You, in the past, have known the hunger for bread! But I will give you the hunger for glory! Yes, for glory upon that sea"—he stretched out his right arm toward the harbor in a magnificent theatrical gesture—"upon that sea which was the sea of Imperial Rome!"

WELL, Mussolini, in these past few months, has given his Leghorners considerably less than glory on *Mare Nostrum* (Our Sea). Just as he gave them much less than that on *terra firma*, in Africa, Albania, and so forth until his once-despised disciple Hitler stepped in with all that heavy hardware and hosts of "blond beasts." And now it seems about time to stop and try to analyze how this came about, what were the inherently wrong things in his once famous Fascist system, and why it failed to work in the hour of crisis.

At first blush, there was a lot to be said for the way Fascism, in spite of its uncondonable terroristic tactics toward its

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"I wasn't getting as much game as I had some years before. Of course, I'm a little older and heavier, so it's harder for me to sneak up within range. Then I happened to read that Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22's were effective 100 yards farther than ordinary .22's; that they had exceptionally flat trajectory, remarkable penetration, and tremendous shock power. I decided to test them.

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"My next step was to try them on pests on a nearby farm. And I want to tell you—I dropped a lot of varmints that would have got away if I hadn't been using those ultra-powerful .22's!"

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internal opponents, actually did things.

For myself, on that swing around Tuscany and Lombardy with the Duce, I was really amazed at the way the malaria-infested marshes had been drained, planted to useful crops, and the whole countryside made healthy and flourishing—the way infant mortality, for one thing, had been drastically reduced. But not long later, by a series of calculated indiscretions, I found out what that and other vast and highly publicized reclamation projects had cost the poor Italian taxpayer in sheer, two-handed *graft*; and although I've the tough stomach of an ex-doughboy coupled with that of a cynical old newspaperman, even I was brought to the pitch of nausea.

But the graft in the land-schemes, the "model colonies," the electric enterprises in the Alps and the Apennines, the sea-port-enlargement plans, and the rest, was as nothing to the graft that prevailed in the armed forces' services of supply, clothing and ordnance. And that, in these last few bitter months, is the thing that save for Hitler's help would have knocked galley west the Duce's grandiose dream of empire. That, and bureaucratic stupidity: Summer uniforms sent to troops shivering in sub-zero temperatures in the Albanian heights, winter togs shipped off to boys sweltering in Libya and Eritrea. Lord knows the British Army rations, stew, tea, bully-beef, biscuits, plum-and-apple, and all the rest of the hogwash, on which so many of us had to exist from time to time 23 years ago, was never

anything to write home about; but it must right now seem like manna from Heaven to those tens of thousands of poor, betrayed Italians who have had the good luck, or the good sense, to have been taken prisoner.

When I was last in Italy, there was still a sounding-board of liberty in the now pretty somnolent Senate. Under the old constitution, an Italian Senator was named by the King—on the advice of the responsible cabinet in office, of course—and *for life*, so he didn't have to bother about re-election; and now and again one or several of them would actually stagger up to the rostrum and give the Fascist majority Hail Columbia.

But did ever any one of those brave old buzzards ever get his speech reported in the public press? With what you know about the censored-controlled newspapers of Italy—and of Germany—you have already guessed the answer. And it used to be my favorite indoor sport, whenever the Italian propaganda minister—Minister of Popular Culture, I believe he's called now—or the underling, the *Capo Ufficio Stampa* (chief of the press bureau) got particularly nice and was showering down handouts, and free railroad passes, and even opera tickets, to ask blandly, "Thanks very much, Excellency; but how about those long-promised cards to the *Senate* press gallery, so that we foreign correspondents can report the most illuminating debates?"

Do you know, I really believe that those eminent gentlemen—and they suc-

ceeded one another with sinister rapidity—didn't quite like me. . . . To be sure, they sent me a decoration, after I was safely out of the country; and for various reasons of news-agency inner-office politics, I was obliged to accept it. BUT, the moment Italy declared war on France last summer, I quietly returned it, with a discreetly gentle note, to the Italian consul-general in New York, and burned or otherwise destroyed all the emblems that went with it. As the French so impishly say, "My coat-lapel has reconquered its pristine virginity!"

I'M coming down the home stretch, at last. The fatal tendency of every Fascist regime is to knock the living daylight out of the great middle class, to which the vast majority of all of us either belong, or are about to belong, or to which we have every reason to believe our children will belong. The whole Fascist trend is to divide the nation into only two classes—the privileged party-boys and their wives and girl-friends at the top, and the poor downtrodden taxpayers, who carry the unholy load, at the bottom. And a nation that is supine enough to let any imposed-by-force gang of cut-throats and pickpockets put that over on it is simply digging its own grave. Italy, I fear, has already carved out for itself a pretty substantial ditch, with collapse on the home front threatening to follow fast on the pitiable show the regime has put up for it abroad on land and sea—at such a waste of fine young lives until Hitler took over.

On Wisconsin, table's set

(Continued from page 25)

the folks, we suggest you pay a visit to Milwaukee's famous prepared meat shop (Usinger's.) We'll guess you never dreamed so many exciting things could be done with meats.

Last month's issue of this magazine introduced you to the fact of Wisconsin's being "America's Dairyland." This is not idle boasting, for the State's two and a quarter million cows produce six billion quarts of milk each year, and large quantities of that milk go to make over half the nation's supply of cheeses. Wisconsin figuratively swims in milk and cheese and butter. You'll find them everywhere, and nowhere, we believe, will you find them better.

Here and there throughout the State you will find foods prepared in other old-world styles. For instance, over at Mineral Point, in southwestern Wisconsin, a village first settled by English lead miners from Cornwall, you can sample the delights of such dishes as saffron cake and Cornish pasty—and do so in

a beautiful old stone house built years ago by a lead miner.

Back on the shore of Lake Michigan, no visit to Wisconsin is complete without a dinner at the fish shanty restaurant (Smith Brothers) in Port Washington. Here you will find such lake trout and whitefish and chowder as you never tasted before. Don't ask for meat, because you won't get it. And did you think all caviar came from Russia, or some other far-off place? Then let the fish shanty, operated by real fishermen who catch their own fish daily in Lake Michigan, serve you middle-western American caviar of the sturgeon and the whitefish!

Wisconsin's commercial fishermen lift fifteen million pounds of fish yearly from the waters of Lake Michigan and Lake Superior, and if you haven't experienced a planked whitefish, fresh from the nets, or a broiled lake trout, you have missed the finest eating of your life. Up and down the shores of these two Great

Lakes, the serving of fish is an art, whether broiled in the finest kitchen, or boiled in a pot on the beach.

Then there is another type of meal that is as characteristic of Wisconsin's north woods lakeland as it is irresistible and appetizing. It is the "shore lunch" prepared by a fishing guide on the breeze-swept shore of a lake or stream after a morning of fishing.

If you have planned for a shore lunch your guide will have stowed in the boat a mysterious box. Probably he has carefully tucked it into the bow of the boat or under a seat, and you proceed to forget all about it until, well before your normal lunch time, you become aware of pangs of hunger, and say, "For God's sake, when do we eat?"

The guide smiles knowingly. Hundreds of people have "starved to death" in his boat in years past out there on the lake, and have been reborn again at the magic campfire where shore lunch is made. Your guide rows to shore, usually not

far away, because he is as hungry as you are, and he has secretly been working toward the camp ground of his choice.

Before you know it, the fire is made, the coffee pot is on, a kettle containing unpeeled potatoes and eggs to be boiled is simmering and then bubbling actively. A big frying pan is on the fire, bacon is crisping, filets of pike or bass scalloped in flour liberally sprinkled with salt and pepper, are browning in the pan. The aroma of coffee fills the air. Never before has such nectar been brewed, never before has one inhaled such an aroma. It is only a matter of moments then before, on rustic table or on the ground, will be spread a gargantuan repast that is destined to go down in your own personal history as the greatest meal you've ever eaten.

As you let your belt out a notch or two, you grin your compliments to the guide.

"Oscar," you say (or Pete, or John, or Charley), "that was the greatest meal a man ever et." Be careful not to say "ate." Oscar, or Pete or John or Charley, will like it better if you just say "et." And he will grin back at you and say, "Mister, you're right. I liked it myself."

Of course, Wisconsin eating is not all fish and cheese. Up and down the highways and in the cities are favored places long known to old travelers, places famous for their hot rolls, their onion soup, their unusual preserves, their steaks, chickens, vegetables, fruits.

If I visited Door County—the region north of Sturgeon Bay—I should certainly get my fill of cherry pie and cherry juice. For this is the cherry country, with the biggest collection of cherry orchards in the world. Along the shores of the Great Lakes I should certainly stick to fish. I shouldn't forget the famous geese of Watertown. And everywhere I'd enjoy the dairy products.

To suggest just a few places outside of Milwaukee's environs—and these are named at random and with no intention of slighting others not named—there is, for one, Draper Hall at Oconomowoc, where Charles K. Harris wrote his famous song, "After the Ball." If you get anywhere near Black River Falls, don't pass by The House by the Side of the Road, at Fallhall Glen. Closer to Milwaukee, at Mukwonago, a place called Heaven City will amply dem-

onstrate what we mean by "plenty" of food—here you are served *all* of these entrees for dinner: turkey or chicken, baked ham, and roast beef, and all the other accompaniments.

Near Baraboo and Devil's Lake, the Farm Kitchen specializes in chicken and steak, and tasties from the old farm kitchen such as hot buns, preserves, and old-fashioned American pie. If you pass through Sheboygan, the Heidelberg Club will tempt you with such things as eggs stuffed with caviar, lobster, lake whitefish, and steaks. Here, as in many places serving steaks, you will find delicious the French-fried onion rings. Almost anywhere in Door County try a smoked chub or small whitefish. Cold or warm, it has no equal.

In Madison, look for The Wooden Bowl, where your food comes on Mexican-made dishes, and you can buy little jars of herbs to take home with you. And in Ridgeway, west of Madison, don't be amazed at finding East Indian curry dinners that are known even in New York.

Possibly, while you are in Wisconsin for the National Convention, you will find someone who will invite you to come back during the hunting season to partake of a game dinner. You would do well to accept, and to make a special return trip for that occasion.

Not the least of Wisconsin's tradition of good eating, and *plenty* of eating, is our heritage of the old lumberjack days.

Perhaps the most famous creation of these lumber camp cooks was their flapjacks. Certainly nothing hits the spot more with a hungry man than a breakfast of good flapjacks. Some while ago, on a trip into the north woods, I stopped for breakfast at a modest little restaurant. It was certainly not fancy, and I was dubious of the whole business. But I had an appetite—a Wisconsin appetite—and it was time to indulge it. I was pleased to find the orange juice cold and fresh. And then came the pancakes—flapjacks in that country. Never have I had such flapjacks—piping hot, wonderfully tender. There was real maple syrup.

I called the waiter.

"Whoever the cook is," I said, "tell him these are the world's best flapjacks."

"He's an old lumber camp cook," the waiter replied, "and *he* thinks they're good, too!"

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THE *Iowa* IDEA

(Continued from page 23)

adequate summary within the scope of this article?

"I never saw so much paper work in my life," I said hopelessly. "Why so much?"

"There are 559 Posts in the Iowa Department," replied Bob Shaw, "and 447 of them gave us complete reports on nineteen different activities. And we have partial reports from the others."

It was then that I got the idea that the Legion is planted in Iowa as deep as the water root of her tall corn.

Consider it inside the Legion itself. Last winter, on a miserable day with the thermometer diving to twenty below—and thirty promised—Bob Shaw was to address a Post meeting one hundred and twenty-five miles away. It was no night to leave the fire, much less to go that distance over frozen roads.

Friends said, "Oh, call 'em up, Bob, and say you can't make it. On a night like this there won't be a corporal's guard there anyway."

"I told 'em I'd be there," Bob replied, shoving out his chin, "and I'll be there. I don't care how many are there—I'll do my end of it."

You'd think on the Post end that men shivering from doing chores in sub-zero weather would think, "That's too far to go."

Commander Bob Shaw met more than three hundred members at the Legion hall. They all knew they could bank on the other fellow.

Or take the case of a small town in Northern Iowa that has a small and particularly treacherous creek flowing near it. Ever since any one could remember, from one to two boys had drowned in it each year, either skating or swimming. The creek was a nightmare to the mothers. They finally appealed to the Legion. And the Post members turned out in dungarees in spare time, made a pool of the ol' swimming hole that did for bathing in summer and skating in winter. Not a child's life has been lost since.

Three years ago Iowa took up Boys' State and after the first year decided to limit the number of boys to 600. The uproar of protest that went up from disappointed sponsors of boys rained down on Des Moines in a flood of mail. And finally an additional sixty boys had to be included—and this year other business and club sponsors intend to get it enlarged once more. That's Legion spirit on both sides.

Without such spirit on both sides, how could the Legion in Iowa—and very unofficially at that—help finance and reorganize a college? I learned that Tabor College had been out of business for nine years. With Legion help it was re-

organized and opened in 1936, and operated under the unique theory that students who had no money could work their way through—all of them, in fact. And learn a vocation besides.

People both inside and outside the Legion have to have faith in its spirit to take up a big project like that. And that business men as well as others have that faith is shown by Iowa's remarkable record in placing unemployed veterans in jobs.

"Iowa," Skin Laird told me, "has placed more veterans in jobs for her size and population than any other State in the union. Nationally, only Texas and California lead us in totals."



"Okay, but if yer fiddle barks again, its going into the baggage car!"

Business wanted to make room for the veterans. A couple of recent cases came to Bob Shaw's mind. Two lads, called for service, quit their jobs, went up for examination and were rejected. When they returned, due to the local Post's efforts they had choices of four jobs—and one of them got a much better one.

The basis of the Legion's spirit and the Iowans' faith in it, rests on day-in-and-day-out work for the community, the youth and the State by the Posts. I happened to be looking through the Department's annual Child Welfare report and noticed that \$180,572.89 had been expended the preceding year taking care of 3,617 children. I figured this was public or National Legion funds and was about to go on. Then I saw that of this sum, \$13,519.71 had been expended out of Post treasuries.

The Legion supplements the \$150 a year the State pays toward the education of its 5,625 War Orphans, through scholarships and direct payments.

And in addition, there is the Harriet

Hoffman Loan Fund established in 1930 by the Iowa Auxiliary. This is to aid post-war orphans to obtain their last two years of college education. Last July there were 143 such orphans receiving this aid, and twenty-seven more had been approved.

Thumbing through the mass of papers I came on an item headed, "Graves Registration Service," and asked if this was something Iowa carried on in France.

"No," said Skin, "a Legionnaire a few years ago came on the grave of a Civil War veteran, unmarked since 1863. So he told the Post and the Post told the Department convention, and now we mark all the graves of all veterans of all wars in the State. The Posts have registered 60,000 and are in process of registering 30,000 more."

But, actually, the job is more than that as I found out from scanning a summary of 438 Posts. They conducted 616 funerals, decorated over 3,500 graves, and for 529 bereaved families they obtained the \$100 burial allowance of the Government to which all veterans' families are entitled. When I found that they were ordering 789 government headstones, and grave-markers by the hundreds I decided this was a real business.

"Don't you have a lot of paper work for that through the Department?" I asked Skin Laird.

"No, the committee attends to it," he replied.

Now, I have a special reason for going into detail about that Graves Registration Committee, because it is a classic example of how the Iowa Department can de-centralize the work of an organization of 36,000 members. And that means economy of overhead.

How do they do it? The answer lies in—the Legion spirit. The unbelievably vast amount of unpaid labor performed not alone by the chairmen of Legion committees but by the Post members themselves.

The turn-over in Iowa's Legion membership is incredibly low; members pay up each year as if it were a club—which in hundreds of rural communities it is. The estimated veteran population of Iowa is 89,000 and of these close to 40,000 will belong to the Legion this year. That is a high ratio, and accounts for this Legion spirit.

The economy in work done can be laid also in part to the rich background of experience acquired by Post committee members and chairmen who, as long as they produce, which they do, are re-appointed year after year.

"The Legion is growing older," Bob Shaw explained, "and it must also grow smaller. Yet such activities as Americanism, Community Service and child welfare must go on—some of them will become bigger as we grow older. Against that day when a smaller membership would curtail our activities, the Iowa Department is building a reserve."

Suddenly I became aware that I was

getting on with an article and hadn't touched on Community Service which the editor had distinctly mentioned. Yet what time was there to dwell on the Iowa Falls Post and its blood donors' squad? Or that the Post maintains a room at the hospital for those who are ill and unable to pay for one?

But as you go through the endless facts each item is as interesting as the one before, and all you come up with

Greenland GOES U.S.

(Continued from page 13)

ant Commandant Frank M. Meals of the Coast Guard cutter *Comanche*. Then: "Temperature!" Over the side went a thermometer. Checking reading and echo-time, he opined: "Here's Greenland!"

Then, despite century-old charts, and muffling fog, the Coast Guardsmen beheld the towering ice-cap, shimmering blue and flecked with gold, of beauty strange and unforgettable. At its foot jutted a shoreline ragged with promontories and fjords, one of which sheltered Ivigtut, metropolis of 1500 living in wooden houses bright red, blue and yellow. Greenland, unlike Iceland, passes six to twenty weeks of Arctic darkness by candle-light, has no automobiles, only two miles of road. But it has no murder, theft, rape, avarice—nor overmuch initiative.

Our Coast Guardsmen brought gifts most acceptable—food, a Red Cross man, new consuls to arrange trade, and arms to protect the cryolite mine from possible sabotage by a few pro-Nazi Danish workers. Cryolite is valuable in aluminum processing. The cutter *Duane* later brought a cargo more important to us—a seaplane, weather experts, army and navy officers. No more century-old charts; they were going to solve the problem Hitler had posed for Uncle Sam. Was there a Northeast Passage? Was Greenland really a stepping-stone on it? Did its icy mountains, winds, fogs, shifting floes still make America's frigidaire a strategical frost?

The experts surveyed, photographed, mapped; then agreed. Greenland could hardly be converted into a base for actual invasion; but at some times in

is that thrilling feel of a spirit—a moving vital force—that is endlessly at work in the Legion in Iowa for the people of Iowa. It sent a queer feeling through me and on the way to the station I mentioned it to the driver.

"The Legion?" he repeated. "Boy, there's an outfit, now, I'm telling you. The old Iowa drive."

And he began whistling the Iowa Corn Song. Everybody's that way in Iowa.

the summer, some parts of it (especially the west coast) could be used as bases for aircraft, especially seaplanes, and naval craft. From it North Atlantic shipping could be raided and—a high authority tells me—Boston (or other New England cities) could in fact be bombed.

That is why this North American island lately was proclaimed an American protectorate, under the Monroe Doctrine and the Havana agreement. We had the right to build and operate landing fields, seaplane facilities, radio and meteorological stations and housing for our men, and to improve harbors. We would return the island to Denmark when war ended—if it ended with Denmark free. Which, if Hitler wins, probably means we will buy it from Denmark.

Now from Greenland to German-occupied Norway is less than a thousand miles; to France and Germany, less than two thousand. From Iceland to Germany is 1200 miles. If the Nazis have a 4,000-mile heavy bomber, we have heavy bombers too; it was announced in May we would concentrate on building them. The late model of the Navy's PBV outranges the Focke-Wulf perhaps 1000 miles. It needs neither airfield nor carrier; only a mother-ship and fairly smooth water. Given those, it can take off from a Greenland fjord. And by summer the Army will have a pilot model of a new land plane, the B19, carrying 28 tons of bombs 6,000 to 7,500 miles, the hugest plane in the world, the deadliest winged weapon.

With such weapons, our Northeast Passage could become the route of a defensive-offensive such as the world has never seen.

GIBRALTAR, SINGAPORE and US

(Continued from page 17)

shipping lanes only by a long preliminary voyage around the northern coast of Scotland. The conquest of France squarely reversed this situation. From Brest and Lorient and Cherbourg and Le Havre the U-boats could now slip forth straight out into the open waters of the Atlantic. From all the northern

coasts of France, German seaplanes could patrol the waters south and west of England—guiding the U-boats in their work, or hunting merchant ships on their own account.

THE chain of consequences reaches out to sectors far away from the Western Front, and every corner of the

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IT'S WISCONSIN IN '41

war-map, as time goes on, reveals the effects of it in unexpected fashion. With the signing of the armistice, Britain saw the whole of the French North African coast pass from a friendly to a quasi-hostile status: the naval bases at Bizerta, Oran and Toulon were closed to her war-ships. Bizerta is one of the strongest fleet-bases in the Mediterranean, and its strategic position made it the point most relied on for checkmating Mussolini—in the air no less than by sea. Had it passed into the hands of the Free French instead of the Vichy government, it would have been a far more difficult matter for Hitler to slip his armored divisions across to Libya, and the defense of Egypt would have been a simpler problem for the British.

Syria also was knocked out of the Allied war map by the terms of the armistice. The loss of Syria meant the cutting of the railway communications from Egypt to Turkey, so that it became a far more difficult task for the British to give direct support to the Turkish armies. With Hitler in control of Greece and the Aegean Sea, Turkey was left in a dangerously isolated position. The French army in Syria was paralyzed by the armistice, and its increasing weakness left the Arabs of Syria and Iraq a prey to the disaffection organized by German agents. Remember the revolt of the Anti-British Rashid Ali in Iraq?

Some thousands of miles away to the East, the Armistice also struck French Indo-China from the Allied war map. Up to that time, no one of the French overseas possessions seemed further from being any concern of ours than Indo-China. Of all the immediate consequences of the defeat of France, none, at the time, seemed less likely to bear in any way upon the problem of American security. Today we have to look upon this far-away corner of the world from an entirely different perspective.

In the first place, it was Hitler's threat of war over Europe that allowed Japan to snap her fingers at France, Britain and the United States—and start out upon a conquest of China. The outbreak of war allowed her to push her conquest along the southern coast, and gather in the regions which for many years had been rigidly marked out as the special sphere of France and Britain.

Although most Americans had never thought of the matter, it was also the foundation of whatever defense we could offer the Philippines. An American naval base had never been developed in the Islands; the fortifications we had built covered only one or two important points; and for a long time past the U. S. Army has not figured in the plan of defense. The Philippine Scouts, in turn, were not organized to stand against a foreign invader. In reality, for many years past, the real defense of the Philippines against Japan has been the

strength of the French and British naval bases in eastern waters—plus the basic risk for Japan of undertaking a war with the United States.

With the collapse of France, the submarines stationed in Indo-China were sterilized, from an active military standpoint; the province was left helpless against Japan; and Singapore stood alone as an outpost against Japan in the eastern seas. The pressure-system Japan had applied against China was then turned against French Indo-China, and before long Japanese troops stood firmly on French soil. As things stand now, the Philippines are a defenseless outpost in those waters where the Japanese fleet is steadily making secure its control. The only possibility of providing a defense is to plant a substantial American naval force in the strong base offered by Singapore.

The voting of a generous sum for the fortification of Guam showed that this



"There goes the best dressed man in town—and his creditors."

far-reaching change of our strategic situation in the East had begun to register on American opinion.

In reality, the Japanese advance to the China Sea has turned upside down the whole pattern of our scheme of defense in the Pacific. In the past, the strong fleet we kept based on Hawaii established there a line of defense which left our western coast quite secure. But the vast undertaking in which Japan has entangled herself in China will keep her fleet fully occupied on the opposite shores of the Pacific—5,000 miles away from our western coast. The fleet at Hawaii guards us against a danger which has quite disappeared. It counts for nothing against the advance of Japan toward the Malay Peninsula and the Dutch East Indies; it helps in no way to safeguard the supplies of rubber and tin which have become the crux of our real problem today in the defense of the Pacific.

A distinguished officer with a long record of service in Asiatic waters has pointed out that a strong detachment of our Pacific fleet based on Singapore would safeguard the shipping routes over

which we draw those critical supplies. It could offer that safeguard even if Japan took the risk of going to war. In the event of war, also, this naval force would have Borneo and the Philippines as secondary bases—which means a line of friendly coasts some 1,500 miles long. Operating from this, it could wreck havoc on the troop-ships and supply vessels which now keep the Japanese armies in Southern China in operation. From Singapore, in short, our fleet could turn the tables on the Japanese, and destroy the security they now enjoy in the China Sea.

But a war with the United States would be a serious matter for Japan in every respect, and a considerable body of responsible opinion believes that those in Japan opposed to taking this risk could keep their country from challenging us to actual war. In this event, a strong American force at Singapore would serve at least to keep the Japanese advance from going further, and would keep open the trade routes which now provide us with the critically necessary supplies of tin and rubber.

ON the other side of the world, just after the collapse of France, the flight of a French airplane carrier to Martinique thrust forward the surprising prospect of the war reaching out to the western shores of the Atlantic. American naval vessels had to stand guard for long in the waters off Martinique in order to make sure that this did not actually develop.

In the year that has passed since then there has gradually arisen another possibility of "Europe's war" edging itself toward the Western Hemisphere. Rather late in the day, and slowly, we are coming to grasp the fact that Hitler's conquest of Europe is changing radically the whole problem of Hemisphere Defense.

Under the terms of the armistice the German army took over not only the whole strip of French coast along the Atlantic, but the main railway lines over which run the express trains from Paris to Madrid. Some weeks later, the crews of American vessels in the seaports of northern Spain found German troops comfortably settled in Bilbao and other ports—not secretly, or in disguise of any sort, but strolling placidly around in uniform. With German troops already in Spain, the Franco government has sacrificed any possibility of saying no to whatever Hitler may ask of it. Portugal could make still less of a resistance, and without a single rifle going off Hitler could gather into hand Lisbon and all the Spanish ports from which set sail (in ordinary times) vessels bound for the western shore of the South Atlantic.

There remains the problem of Gibraltar. But while Gibraltar controls the entrance to the Mediterranean, this control

depends in largest part on the British fleet stationed in Gibraltar harbor. This harbor, in turn, is directly exposed to the fire of guns from the Spanish shore: Algeciras, on the western side of the bay, is only five miles across the water. Spain alone would not take advantage of this opportunity, but the railway coming down to Algeciras would allow the German artillery to put heavy guns in position conveniently enough all around the Spanish shores of the bay. The Gibraltar roadstead would become untenable for even the strongest British battleships. The Rock-Fortress even then might remain securely in British hands, but the guns of the Fortress could not block the transport of German troops to Africa. From Cadiz, far out of the range of the British guns, it is but a short voyage to Tangier, on the African coast: the whole voyage could be made in a few hours under the cover of darkness.

All this part of the African coast lies within Spanish Morocco, so that German troops would not be landing on a hostile shore. From Cadiz, Tangier and Ceuta, German planes and submarines could set to work from both sides of the Straits of Gibraltar. They could close the Mediterranean to British ships, and could open it to whatever warships Hitler might gather in the Mediterranean. Under German command, and if necessary under German crews, what is left of the

Italian fleet could be sent forth to active work in the South Atlantic. A few cruisers and armed merchantmen now maintain the British patrols in the South Atlantic. With a few fast battleships based on the Spanish ports, the Mediterranean or French West Africa, Hitler could easily upset the whole balance of power in the South Atlantic. If Dakar could be brought under German control, it might easily be possible to reopen—at least on a hit and run basis—the direct road for German ships to South America.

Throughout all the Latin-American countries, this would stand forth as the demonstration of a German victory in the war. The German organizations already on the ground in South America would set to work without delay to organize Hemisphere Defense according to a new and Nazi version. If the U.S.A. still held back from the war, we could not lift a finger to prevent it; and the German invasion of America would first take form as a home-grown product.

Whatever happens, it is clear by now that Hemisphere Defense will turn on the control of the South Atlantic. With our eyes still fixed on the Battle of Britain, the struggle in the Mediterranean is already preparing the way for the vital issue we shall have to face in maintaining the defense of the western continent.

Front Line SERVICE

(Continued from page 29)

individual record in 1925 by enrolling 5,828 members—a record that has not been approached within 1,300 memberships by any other outfit. Omaha is seconded by Memphis (Tennessee) Post which, during the same period, has been in the running eleven times: four times the largest, second largest three times, and third largest four times. It holds the record of the second highest post membership—4,516 in 1930; and also third highest, 3,599 in 1931. This year,

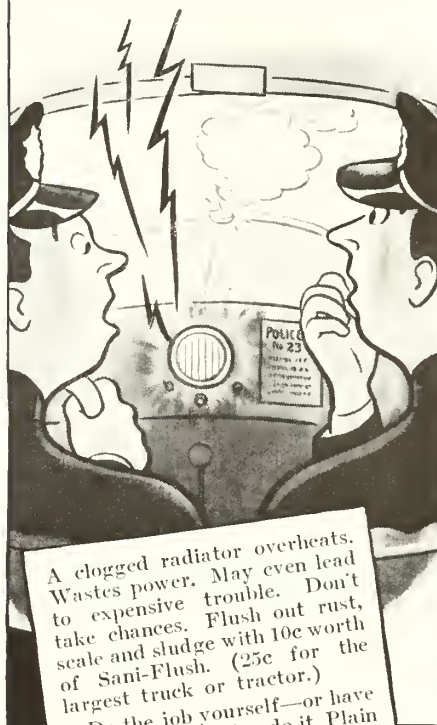
at least, Memphis will yield to Omaha for third place honors.

A sensational newcomer into the big brother class is Ford Motor Company Post of Dearborn, Michigan, which was organized February 9, 1939, with 54 members. It finished 1940 in fourth place with 2,303 members, and by the first week in May had scored a total of 2,971 for 1941. Last year saw the number of big brother posts—those having more than 1,000 members enrolled—increased to fifty-one. 1941 will see a new record



Daniel M. O'Connell Post, Rockaway Beach, New York, registered veterans for national defense at the base of the World War memorial

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INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA

high, and a new record high national membership. Last available report as of May 15th was 1,019,900, or approximately 30,000 ahead of the same date last year.

In 1940 the Department of Massachusetts had four representatives in the big brother class, Springfield, New Bedford, Worcester and Lowell. But it will have another this year—Frank Allen Wilcox Post of Fall River. The goal of 1,000 was reached early in April when Vice Commander Homer W. LeBlanc signed up Yeomanette Dorothy Gifford as his 345th member for the year. In the picture which appears on another page Miss Gifford is being presented her membership card by Adjutant James H. Rogers, while Bristol County Vice Commander Homer W. LeBlanc and Post Commander Benjamin McBride look on.

Soldiers' Home Flags

Conventionnaires in attendance at the Milwaukee National Convention in September will have an opportunity to see the largest collection of national flags in America in the National Soldiers' Home Chapel at Wood, a Milwaukee suburb. There, in the chapel of one of the largest Veteran Administration Facilities, has been assembled the national flags of ninety-one different countries. The collection was begun by the Chaplain, Rev. Gustav Stearns, with the approval of Colonel Charles M. Pearsall, Manager of the Facility, in 1936 and is still receiving additions. There are now, of course, flags without a country in the collection.

No flag is accepted for this collection, says Chaplain Stearns, unless accompanied by documentary evidence that it is a national flag and that it was actually mailed from or brought from the coun-

try it represents. The flags are displayed only two Sundays in each year—the Sunday before Memorial Day and the Sunday before Armistice Day. In honor of the American Legion Convention and Legionnaires at large, arrangements have been made to display the flags in the chapel during the five days of the Convention, beginning with Sunday, September 14th.

The Doughboy Watches

When the call came for a nation-wide registration of World War veterans under the auspices of the Legion, Daniel M. O'Connell Post of Rockaway Beach, New York, had a most appropriate place picked out to do the work. Commander William A. Jaconetti led the officers and members of the Post to the World War monument in Cross Bay Parkway Plaza and there, with the colors flanking the granite base on which the bronze doughboy stands, the Legionnaires gathered around tables which had been set up and began the work of registration. The work proved to be too much for one registration stand; the club house was opened and a volunteer force worked with the registration there. Nearly five hundred veterans presented themselves and filled out the Legion's questionnaire.

Shorts and Overs

"Venice-Madison Post, Venice, Illinois, wants to buy ten rifles for our firing squad," writes Joseph W. Bergrath, 1413 Third Street, Madison, Illinois. "We would like to hear from any Post able to fill our need." . . . Dorman H. Baker Post of Fairbanks, Alaska—the Legion's Farthest North Post—held a celebration on April 1st, its twentieth anniversary, reports Adjutant David Adler.

BOYD B. STUTLER

Victory Voyage

(Continued from page 33)

with Hugh Caywood, John McIntire (now dead), John Polly and Don Council. We cleaned up some machine-gun nests and Caywood, McIntire and Polly were decorated with the D. S. C. Council and I received citations. We continued in the advance until relieved on October 1st. Our Company A of the Engineers had almost forty percent casualties—eight killed, six died of wounds, and the remainder wounded. I was lucky in being only slightly gassed.

"Following the Armistice, we went to Fort de Tryon for six weeks, then to Lerouville to spend time policing the place. And eventually to Brest, where we labored for three months in rain and mud before we sailed aboard the *Von Steuben* on April 11, 1919, for home."

WHO ever said that old veterans—well, comparatively old—can no longer be of service to their country if that country should need them?

There are many general officers in high places in the present military organization who, holding lesser grades, fought with us in World War I. In addition, there are hundreds of our fellow Legionnaires with Reserve commissions who have been called back into active service.

There was a time, if we remember rightly, when we as young bucks in service scoffed at our elders who joined the home-guard units that were organized throughout the country. We learned later, though, that those older men had a job of work to do and that they did it competently. Now that time has elapsed, we find ourselves in the

same relative position—as the older men of the nation who can best serve the country in similar capacities. In last month's issue of this magazine we were told by Richard Seelye Jones in his article, "Here They Come! Report!" just what special job has been cut out for Legionnaires.

With the rapid and deadly development of air fighting, the Legion has an especially important job assigned to it by the Government. That assignment, as you'll recall from Legionnaire Jones's article in June, is the establishment and manning of a hundred thousand observation posts for the Army's aircraft warning service. All Legionnaires who can serve will be enlisted in it—and that's where the questionnaire that tens



of thousands of Legion men and women filled out last February, listing their qualifications for service, comes into the picture. From that data the Legion can pick its men for this important assignment.

High and low in Legion rank, the Legionnaires registered—present and past national, departmental, and post officers, along with the rank and file. Former buck privates, generals, seamen and class, lieutenant commanders, nurses, leathernecks, all have shown their willingness to serve by filling out the questionnaires.

Among these tens of thousands are men who distinguished themselves during our war—and we're proud to introduce one of them to you . . . Legionnaire Alex L. Arch of South Bend, Indiana, ex-sergeant who pulled the lanyard that fired the first American shot in the A. E. F. during World War I. That "first shot" story, completely authenticated through official records, will be recalled by you all. It was told by Captain (later Major) Idus R. McLendon, who commanded Battery C, 6th Field Artillery, 1st Division, the outfit that had that distinction, in the

Legion Monthly for October, 1931. Illustrations for Captain McLendon's story and the cover for that issue were provided by Herbert Morton Stoops, whose work has long been familiar to our readers, to whose command Battery C was turned over by Captain McLendon, when the latter was severely wounded in the Argonne a year later.

In the official Signal Corps picture we reproduce on page 33 Captain McLendon (left) and Sergeant Arch are standing beside the historic gun, whose emplacement was near the village of Bathélemont, France. On the morning of October 23, 1917, Captain McLendon gave the command "Fire!" Sergeant Arch pulled the lanyard—a shell went speeding into German territory. The time was five minutes, ten seconds past six o'clock in the morning.

That same Sergeant Arch, now Legionnaire Arch, who was cited in General Orders of the First Division for gallantry in action and especially meritorious services and who was awarded the Silver Star, has again offered his services to his country through the Legion questionnaire. We show also a picture of Sergeant Arch filling out that document.

Sergeant Arch, born in Hungary, was brought to South Bend, Indiana, in 1903, when a lad of nine. He enlisted in the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, June 21, 1913, and served on the Mexican border from 1913 to 1917, having been assigned to Battery C, 6th Field Artillery, with which he went overseas. He rose in grade to private first class, lance corporal and corporal, until on June 6, 1917, he was made a sergeant. With service in the A. E. F. from July 27, 1917, to September 5, 1919, he participated in four major battles—Montdidier, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne. He was wounded in action on April 1, 1918, and again at Cantigny on May 28, 1918. It was not until June 20, 1920, that the sergeant received his discharge from service.

At the burial of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington National Cemetery on Armistice Day, 1921, Sergeant Arch represented the State of Indiana.

TIME does fly—September is just around the corner! And September 15th to 18th is the time for the Legion National Convention in Milwaukee. So, if you plan to hold a reunion of your outfit during convention week, you'd better write to The Company Clerk of this department of the magazine *immediately*, otherwise your announcement cannot appear.

At the same time, report your reunion to G. H. (Gil) Stordock, National Convention Reunions Chairman, 611 North Broadway, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, as Gil and his reunions committee stand ready to help you perfect reunion plans, and

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may be able to obtain additional publicity for your reunion through the Convention Publicity Bureau.

Details of the following Milwaukee National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

NATIONAL YEOMEN F—Annual reunion and meeting. Mrs. Laura V. Hall, chmn., 2000 W. Pierce St., Milwaukee.

U. S. SIGNAL CORPS WOMEN—2d annual convention reunion. E. Jeannette Couture, chmn., 350 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Soc. of 1st Div.—Annual national convention and reunion. Dr. E. H. Maurer, chmn., 7139 W. Greenfield Av., Milwaukee.

2d Div. Assoc.—Marine reunion, Sept. 14-18. A. J. Porth, chmn., 2711 W. Fairmont Av., Milwaukee.

Soc. of 3d Div.—Annual convention reunion-banquet. Hy. O. Hegna, secy., Milwaukee Chap., 3d Div., 735 N. Water St., Milwaukee.

NATL. 4TH DIV. ASSOC.—Annual national reunion and meeting, Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee, Sept. 15. Theo. Tolzman, chmn., 2234-B N. 23d St., Milwaukee.

6TH DIV. NATL. ASSOC.—Natl. reunion. For copy *Sightseer*, write C. A. Anderson, natl. secy.-treas., Box 23, Stockyards Sta., Denver, Colo.

10TH DIV.—Camp Funston, Kansas—Reunion dinner. Frank A. Abrams, 7754 S. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

12TH (PLYMOUTH) DIV. ASSOC.—2d natl. reunion. H. Gordenstein, natl. adjt., 12 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

31ST (DIXIE) DIV.—Natl. reunion. W. A. Anderson, 4913 N. Hermitage Av., Chicago, Ill.

81ST (WILDCAT) DIV.—Natl. reunion dinner. J. E. Cahall, 625 St. Charles Av., New Orleans, La.

92d Div. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion. Jesse B. Gunn, pres., 6510 Evans Av., Chicago, Ill.

Co. C, 46TH INF.—Reunion. Milwaukee, Sept. 15. Lewis E. Pirkey, Saybrook, Ill.

3d PIONEER INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Proposed reunion. Joel T. Johnson, pres., 411 Essex Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—16th annual reunion. Hq. and banquet at Hotel Parkington. Thos. F. Burns, gen. chmn., 9100 S. May St., Chicago, Ill.

WORLD WAR TANK CORPS ASSOC.—Natl. reunion. Edw. J. Price, adjt., 5756 Kenwood Av., Chicago, Ill.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS AEF VETS.—Annual reunion of all RTC vets, Milwaukee, Sept. 15-17. Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 722 S. Main Av., Scranton, Pa.

CHEM. WARFARE SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion of all vets. USA or AEF. Geo. W. Nichols, R. 3, Box 75, Kingston, N. Y.

COAST ART. CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion and banquet. J. A. Donnelly, 913 E. Juneau Av., Milwaukee, or F. H. Callahan, 77 Water St., Medford, Mass.

62d C. A. C.—Reunion. Mannie Fisher, 1357 N. Western Av., Chicago, Ill.

67TH C. A. C. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. Gerald D. Nolan, 372 Bridle Path, Worcester, Mass.

BTRRS. A, B & C, 44TH C. A. C.—Reunion. H. Hallagan, 26 Main St., Asbury Park, N. J.

BTRY. B, 50TH C. A. C.—Reunion. E. F. Sherry, 4608 Sylvan Av., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ORDNANCE, CAMP HANCOCK—2d reunion. Jos. M. Gilmore, 265 Lowell St., Peabody, Mass.

14TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Milwaukee, Sept. 14-16. Norbert J. Barry, chmn., 1609 N. 60th St., Milwaukee.

21ST ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—22d annual convention-reunion. Chas. L. Schaus, secy.-treas., 325 47th St., Union City, N. J.

26TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion. Wilmer M. Shalleross, chmn., 500 Oklahoma Av., Milwaukee.

56TH (SEARCHLIGHT) ENGRS.—Reunion. W. B. Robbins, 80 Central St., Hudson, Mass.

215TH ENGRS.—Regtl. reunion. Jacob Lewis, 30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

603d (SEARCHLIGHT) ENGRS.—Reunion. Lewis Nickles, Veterans Home, Waupaca, Wisc.

Hq. DET., 209TH ENGRS.—Reunion. Lewis T. Wells, 208 S. Ben St., Plano, Ill.

FORESTRY ENGINEER VETS. AEF—Proposed reunion all units of 20th Engineers, Forestry. Tom Holman, 220 11th Av., N. Y. City.

307TH F. S. BN.—Proposed reunion. R. L. Kessing, 240 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Co. C, 106TH F. S. BN. LAST MAN CLUB—Reunion, Milwaukee, Sept. 14. Dave Daley, secy., 6705 N. Odell Av., Chicago, Ill.

15TH SERV. Co., SIG. CORPS.—Reunion. Pat D. Morgan, Grayling, Mich.

28TH SERV. Co., SIG. CORPS—Reunion dinner and meeting. Election of officers. Write Alfred W. Cooley, Alton, N. H., for new roster.

4TH G & F BNS., CAMPS SYRACUSE and MILLS—Reunion-banquet. Sam S. Gelewitz, 14 Pine St., Hyde Park, Mass.

LA SOCIETE DES SOLDATS DE VERNEUIL (BASE SPARE PARTS UNITS 1-2-3. MTC 327)—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., just prior to Milwaukee Natl. Conv. For date, write B. C. Peterson, 164 N. Elizabeth St., Chicago.

MOTOR TRUCK Co.—Reunion. R. L.

Ristaino, Wash. St., Greenhouses, Franklin, Mass.

311TH SUP. TRN CLUB—Reunion. W. P. McConnell, 2644 W. 122d Pl., Blue Island, Ill.

Co. B, 338TH BN., TANK CORPS—Reunion. Ed. A. Connelly, 4 Copeland Pl., Roxbury, Mass.

VETS of VERNEUIL AND NEVERS, MTC UNITS 301-2-3—Reunion-banquet. Rev. C. N. Bittle, chmn., 1004 N. 10th St., Milwaukee.

BAKERY Co. 337—2d reunion. Other Bakery Co. vets invited. L. E. Bancroft, Sudbury, Mass.

VETERINARY CORPS—Reunion of all outfits. R. K. Johnson, 101 E. 40th St., Kansas City, Mo.

REMOUNT DEPOT 324, CAMP McARTHUR—Reunion. L. C. Hoha, 1953 N. 34th St., Milwaukee.

AIR SERV. VETS.—Convention reunion of all A. S. vets. Write Walter D. Dean, adjt., 69 Bigelow St., Lawrence, Mass.

466TH AERO SQDRN. (old 54th)—Reunion. John C. Schlitz, pres., Barron, Wisc.

616TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. Lyman W. Williams, 213 W. Wisconsin Av., Milwaukee.

875TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion-banquet. G. C. Olberg, 1813 Grove Av., Berwyn, Ill.

ROCKWELL FIELD, SAN DIEGO—Reunion Air Serv. vets. Earl A. Smith, 2745 S. Greeley St., Milwaukee.

1ST PURSUIT GROUP, AEF (SQDRNS. 27-94-95-147-185-218 & 4TH AIR PARK)—Reunion dinner. F. J. Strunk, 176 Roosevelt Av., Bergenfield, N. J.

KELLY FIELD ASSOC.—Convention reunion. Bill Unger, 5879 Shady-Forbes Ter., Pittsburgh, Pa.

U. S. GEN. HOSP. 30, PLATTSBURG BKKS.—Reunion. Reba G. Cameron, Box 84, Redlands, Calif.

BASE HOSP. CAMP GRANT ASSOC.—Reunion. Ella M. Bokhof, secy.-treas., 518 W. Galena Av., Freeport, Ill.

BASE HOSP. CAMP LEE, MED. DEPT.—2d reunion, Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee, Sept. 15. G. P. Lawrence, chmn., 348½ Wyoming St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

BASE HOSP., CAMP LOGAN—Reunion. Walter Kadell, 788 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich.

BASE HOSP. CAMP SEVIER ASSOC.—Reunion. M. R. Callaway, Vets. Adm. Facility, Kecoughtan, Va.

QMC DET., BASE HOSP. 14 CAMP CUSTER—Reunion. R. F. McKelvy, Box 271, Helena, Ark.

BASE HOSP. 62—Proposed reunion. Write Caric Devore, R.N., Okawka, Ill.

BASE HOSP. 82—Reunion. Dr. Geo. D. Mytinger, Chillicothe, Ohio, or Huxley A. Miller, Durant, Iowa.

FAS HOSP. 103—Reunion. John I. Makinen, Rockport, Mass.

HOSP. TRN. 44 (FRENCH TRAINE SANITAIRE C 1/12)—Proposed reunion. H. E. Dietl, Asst. Dept. Serv. Officer, A. L., Wood, Wisc.

S. S. U. 508—Reunion. George Jacobs, 1522 W. Greenfield Av., Milwaukee.

NAVY RADIO MEN OF THE WORLD WAR—Proposed reunion and natl. organization. Mark Feder, York, Pa.

U. S. S. Florida—4th reunion, Milwaukee, Sept. 13-14. Emray Roemer, 2762 N. 70th St., Milwaukee.

U. S. S. Neptune—Reunion. A. S. West, 1105 Landreth Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

U. S. S. Norcatin—Reunion. Jas. H. Harrington, 7620 S. Michigan Av., Chicago, Ill.

U. S. S. Orizaba—Reunion. Dr. Groesbeck Walsh, Employees Hosp., Fairfield, Ala.

U. S. S. Plattsburg—Reunion of crew. John Korinek, 5475 N. 41st St., Milwaukee.

U. S. S. Whittmore—Reunion. Robt. E. Cooper, Box 1232, Amarillo, Tex.

U. S. S. Wisconsin—Proposed reunion. Clement G. Lanni, 49 N. Water St., Rochester, N. Y.

U. S. S. Zealandia—Reunion. Leonard W. Wittman, 1906 E. Main, Rochester, N. Y.

NATL. ASSOC. VETS. AEF SIBERIA—4th annual convention-reunion. Anton Horn, natl. comdr., 10711 Av. G, Chicago, Ill.

LANGRES LINCERERS—Proposed reunion, last class, Army Signal Schools, Langres. E. H. Swanson, 411 East Mason St., Milwaukee, Wisc.

LA VALEONNE VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion of all vets of Inf. Candidates' School. Saul B. Kramer, pres., 135 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

FEDERAL CIVIL SERV. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion-convention at new clubhouse of Federal Post. A. L., 727 E. Wisconsin Av., Milwaukee. Write S. L. Gorski, adjt., 1104 W. Oklahoma Av., Milwaukee.

REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention in Milwaukee, follow:

1st Div., PHILA. BRANCH—Reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 24-29. David W. Davis, secy., 68 Williams Lane, Hatboro, Pa.

2d Div. Assoc.—23d natl. reunion, Washington, D. C., July 17-19. Dial H. Elkins, chmn., 914 14th St., N. W., Washington.

Soc. of 3d Div.—22d annual natl. reunion, Washington, D. C., July 10-13. Bill Shomaker, secy., 3811 25th Pl., N. E., Washington.

4TH Div. ASSOC.—Annual reunion dinner, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 25. C. Roland Gelatt, secy.-treas., 1119 S. 48th St., Philadelphia.

Soc of 5TH Div.—Annual natl. convention-

reunion, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. John P. Horan, chmn., 6618 Washtenaw, Chicago.

26TH DIV. SOC.—Reunion-banquet, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 24-29. Louis Wintner, secy., 911 Roosevelt Blvd., Philadelphia.

Soc. of 28TH DIV.—Convention-reunion, Bradford, Pa., July 17-19. W. W. Haugherly, secy-treas., 1444 S. Vodge St., Philadelphia.

29TH (BLUE & GRAY) DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Washington, D. C., Aug. 29-Sept. 1. Comdr. Milton E. Groomer, 1141 Bladensburg Rd., N. E., Washington.

31ST (DIXIE) DIV. ASSOC.—for details annual reunion, Macon, Ga., in Aug., write H. M. Watson, secy-treas., 514 Orange St., Macon.

31ST (DIXIE) DIV.—Reunion, Springfield, Ill., with Dept. Conv., Aug. 22-25. W. A. Anderson, secy., 4913 N. Hermitage Av., Chicago, Ill.

32D DIV. VET. ASSOC.—Annual convention-reunion, Jackson, Mich., Aug. 30-31. Chas. Alexander, chmn., 108 N. Forbes St., Jackson.

34TH (SANDSTORM) DIV.—Annual convention, St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 9-10. Write Ed. H. Slater, secy., 2076 Dayton Av., St. Paul, for details.

37TH (BUCKEYE) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion-convention, Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 30-Sept. 1. Jas. Sterner, exec. secy., 1101 Wyandotte Bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

RAINBOW (42D) DIV. VETS.—23d annual natl. convention-reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., July 12-14. Arthur E. Slattery, chmn., 107 McLaren St., Red Bank, N. J.

80TH (BLUE RIDGE) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—22d annual convention-reunion, Fredericksburg, Va., Aug. 7-10. Harry A. McClaren, Reunion Chairman, Summit, Va. Mark H. Byrne, natl. secy., 413 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

LOST BN. SURVIVORS—Reunion luncheon, New York City, Sept. 28. W. J. Baldwin, secy., 28 E. 39th St., New York City.

39TH INF.—Now unit of 9th Div., Ft. Bragg, N. C. World War vets of 39th Inf., 4th Div., requested to write to Chas. O. Kates, 1st Lt. 39th Inf., Ft. Bragg, for proposed roster.

138TH INF.—Reunion, Btry. A Armory, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 2. H. J. Dierker, secy., 2813 Maurer, St. Louis.

314TH INF. VETS.—23d regtl. reunion, Lewistown, Pa., Sept. 26-28. Geo. E. Hentschel, secy., 1845 Champlott Av., Philadelphia, Pa.

316TH INF. ASSOC.—22d annual reunion, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 26-28. Edwin G. Cleeland, secy., 6125 McCallum St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Co. F, 314TH INF.—Annual picnic, Rolling Green Park, Sunbury, Pa., July 20. A. A. Birt, 643 8th Av., Prospect Park, Va.

355TH INF.—Reunion, Norfolk, Nebr., Sept. 7-8. William N. Koch, adjt., Norfolk.

Co. A Vets. Assoc. (128TH, 1st & 3d INF.)—Annual reunion, Reedsburg, Wisc., July 26-27. A. F. Prange, secy., Reedsburg.

Co. I, 134TH INF.—Reunion, Russell Park, Ord, Nebr., Aug. 31. C. W. Clark, secy., Ord.

Co. A, 316TH INF.—Reunion-basket picnic, South Mountain Fair Grounds, Arendtsville, Pa., July 13. C. C. Smith, co. clrk., McSherrystown, Pa.

Co. M, 357TH INF.—Reunion, Medicine Park, Okla., July 26-27. M. G. Kizer, Apache, Okla.

Co. B, 359TH INF.—Annual reunion, Legion hall, Denton, Tex., Sept. 14. Fred Hopkins, Jr., Box 721, Krum, Tex.

3D PIONEER INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 13. Joel T. Johnson, pres., 411 Essex Bldg., Minneapolis.

56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—10th reunion, Tyrone, Pa., Aug. 2-3. Jonas R. Smith, secy., 4911 N. Mervine St., Philadelphia.

59TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—6th reunion, Trenton, N. J., Sept. 27-28. Howard D. Jester, secy., 1917 Washington St., Wilmington, Del.

Hq. Co., 3d BN. F.A.R.D.—5th reunion, at home of Oscar L. Weber, 505 S. Sherman, Pana, Ill., Sept. 7. Homer Jennings, secy., Hettick, Ill.

11TH F.A. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunions, Newark, N. J., and Spokane, Wash., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. For copy *The Cannoneer*, write R. C. Dickieson, secy., 7330-180th St., Flushing, N. Y.

21ST F.A.—Regtl. luncheon during 5th Div. reunion, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 31-Sept. 1. T. E. Dunn, 201 N. Wells St., Chicago.

BTRY. D, 80TH F.A. ASSOC.—Reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., in Nov. For date, write Frank C. Grieves, secy., 3931 N. Percy St., Philadelphia.

1ST CORPS ART. PARK—Annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 30-Sept. 1. Emory Jamison, 1905 Charles St., Wellsburg, W. Va.

3D TRENCH MORTAR BTRY. ASSOC.—Reunion, Washington, D. C., July 10-12. Barney Galitelli, secy., 294-17th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

107TH TRENCH MORTAR BTRY. ASSOC.—Reunion, Antigio, Wisc., July 12-14. Amos Maltby, Adj. Q.M., Elk's Club, Antigio.

14TH ENGRS. VET. ASSOC.—Annual outing, vicinity Boston, Mass., in Aug. Harry B. Springers, chmn., 93 Chester St., Allston, Mass.

19TH ENGRS. (RY.) ASSOC.—21st reunion-banquet, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 9. David Woodside, chmn., 31 S. Farragut St., Philadelphia.

VETS. 31ST RY. ENGRS.—13th reunion, Seattle, Wash., Aug. 1-3. F. E. Love, secy-treas., 321 36th St., N. E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

34TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 30-Sept. 1. Geo. Remple, secy., 2523 N. Main St., Dayton.

52D ENGRS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Buckeye Lake, Newark, Ohio, in July. Write R. L. Dungan, 507½ W. Tuscarawas Av., Barberton, Ohio.

60TH RY. ENGRS. & AUX.—Reunion, Minne-

apolis, Minn., July 17-20. D. E. Eula Gallagher, secys., 812 E. 21st St., Little Rock, Ark.

VETS. 61ST RY. ENGRS.—Reunion, Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. E. M. Soboda, secy-treas., 932 Roscoe St., Green Bay, Wisc.

309TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—18th reunion, Canton, Ohio, Aug. 29-30. Wm. E. Graves, secy., 55 E. Pearl St., Greenwood, Ind.

314TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 8. Bob Walker, secy., 2720 Ann Av., St. Louis.

Cos. A, B & C, 22D ENGRS.—Reunion, Joliet, Ill., Aug. 31. Julius A. Nelson, adjt., 23 E. 137th Pl., Riverdale Sta., Chicago, Ill.

Co. E, 22D ENGRS.—3d reunion, Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 24. John Gibson, secy-treas., 318 N. 12th St., New Castle, Ind.

308TH MOTOR TRANSP. CORPS.—For roster, report to Ray F. Schuster, 3704 S. Western Av., Chicago, Ill.

304TH SUP. CO., QMC, MADISON BRKS.—Proposed organization. Report to O. C. Roher, U. S. Bank Bldg., Portland, Ore.

304TH F. S. BN.—For news of activities, write O. F. Sandefur, 20 Seaton Pl., N. W., Washington, D. C.

308TH F. S. BN.—Reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 11. Wm. P. Crawford, secy., 2617 Coventry Rd., Columbus.

Cos. A, B & C, 320TH F. S. BN.—Reunion-dinner, San Francisco, Calif., Nov. 8. A. W. Ward, Rm. 312, 564 Market St., San Francisco.

133D M. G. BN. ASSOC.—Reunion, Ft. Worth, Tex., Oct. 4-5. Jesse J. Childers, pres., 223 S. Covington St., Hillsboro, Tex.

313TH M. G. BN.—Reunion, Erie, Pa., Aug. 31. L. E. Welk, 1009 Commerce Bldg., Erie.

TANK CORPS.—Proposed reunion all Tank Corps vets, Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 14-16. Geo. M. Kirk, chmn., 10 Felix St., Rochester.

Hq. DET. TRANSP. CORPS. AEF—Reunion-dinner, P.R.R. Post, A.L., 3204 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 10. Edw. A. Fitzharris, R. I. Meeting House Rd., Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

BALLOON CORPS VETS. OF CALIF.—7th annual dinner-reunion, Sacramento, Calif., Aug. 11-13. W. B. Hackett, 614 Pennsylvania St., Vallejo, Calif.

35TH & 801ST AERO SQDRNS.—10th reunion, Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 22-25. Dell F. Newton, 1660 W. 56th St., Los Angeles.

142D AERO SQDN.—8th reunion, Tusculumbia, Ala., Aug. 29-31. Thomas "Alabama" Morris, 108 West St., Tusculumbia.

489TH AERO CONSTR. SQDRN.—Reunion, A. L. Home, Ebensburg, Pa., Aug. 17. Donald W. Evans, 220 Bolton St., Ebensburg.

U. S. ARMY AMB. SERV. ASSOC.—22d reunion, Baltimore, Md., July 17-19. Wilbur P. Hunter, natl. adjt., 5321 Ludlow St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EVAC. HOSP. 13—Reunion, Detroit, Mich., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. Jack R. C. Cann, 401 W. Lafayette Av., Detroit.

CAMP HOSP. 53, MARSEILLES—Proposed reunion. Write Ceylon A. Fox, Exeter, N. H.

BASE HOSP. CAMP LEE, MED. DEPT.—3d reunion-banquet, Hotel Penn Alto, Altoona, Pa., Aug. 14. G. P. Lawrence, chmn., 348½ Wyoming St., Pittsburgh.

82D Co., 6TH REGT. USMC—6th reunion, Cleveland, July 2-5. Claude L. Smith, chmn., 18098 Clifton Rd., Lakewood, Ohio.

1ST MARINE AVIATION FORCE VETS.—Reunion, New York City, Nov. 8-9. Wm. J. Lovejoy, chmn., 125 Barclay St., New York City.

ADRIATIC FLEET—Proposed reunion of all vets of ships' crews. Write Richie Sierer, Far Rockaway High School, Far Rockaway, N. Y.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE—Natl. convention, Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 27-30. Wayne Simpson, chmn., 14 W. Ohio St., Indianapolis.

ALL-NAVY (MIDWEST)—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 25. Henry Costa, chmn., Navy Post, 1222 N. Ninth St., St. Louis.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC.—Annual convention-reunion, Boston, Mass., Oct. 25-27. J. Frank Burke, secy., 3 Bangor Rd., West Roxbury, Mass.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC., PAC. COAST CHAP.—For membership, write Jimmie Gee, 1626 Illinois St., Vallejo, Calif.

NATL. ASSOC. U.S.S. CONNECTICUT VETS.—Reunion-dinner, New Haven, Conn., Sept. 27. Fay Knight, Box 487, Closter, N. J.

U. S. S. CORVINGTON ASSOCIATION—Reunion, Oct. 11th, Boston. William C. McGee, 501 City Hall Annex, Boston, Mass.

U. S. NAV. BASE 6, QUEENSTOWN—Proposed reunion. Robt. D. Casey, 9128 University Av., Chicago, Ill.

NATL. OTRANTO-KASHMIR ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Clinton, Iowa, Oct. 5. A. H. Telford, secy., 124 E. Simmons St., Galesburg, Ill.

Stars and Stripes Assoc.—For membership, write Chet Geesey, 9 Rockefeller Plaza-1423, New York City.

UTILITIES DET., CAMP DODGE—Annual reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 10. Ray H. Luther, comdr., 538 N. W. Bank Bldg., Minneapolis.

DEPARTMENT OF FRANCE MEMBERS—Pre-convention caucus, Hotel Paris, 97th and West End Ave., New York, Sept. 8th. Write Jack Specter, 180 Riverside Dr., N. Y. City.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE PURPLE HEART—Convention, Washington, D. C., Aug. 3-6. Frank Haley, 815 15th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

April 30, 1941

Assets

| | |
|---|----------------------|
| Cash on hand and on deposit..... | \$ 713,408.61 |
| Notes and accounts receivable..... | 38,673.75 |
| Inventories | 101,248.69 |
| Invested funds..... | 2,459,206.06 |
| Permanent investments: | |
| Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund | 208,439.36 |
| Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation | 120,097.64 |
| Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation | 40,047.70 |
| Deferred charges | 22,271.22 |
| | <hr/> \$3,703,393.03 |

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Current liabilities | \$ 104,108.17 |
| Funds restricted as to use | 51,331.85 |
| Deferred revenue | 509,731.73 |
| Permanent trust: | |
| Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund | 208,439.36 |
| Net worth: | |
| Restricted capital..... | \$2,373,885.47 |
| Unrestricted capital..... | 455,896.45 |
| | <hr/> \$2,829,781.92 |
| | <hr/> \$3,703,393.03 |

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

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BURSTS AND DUDS

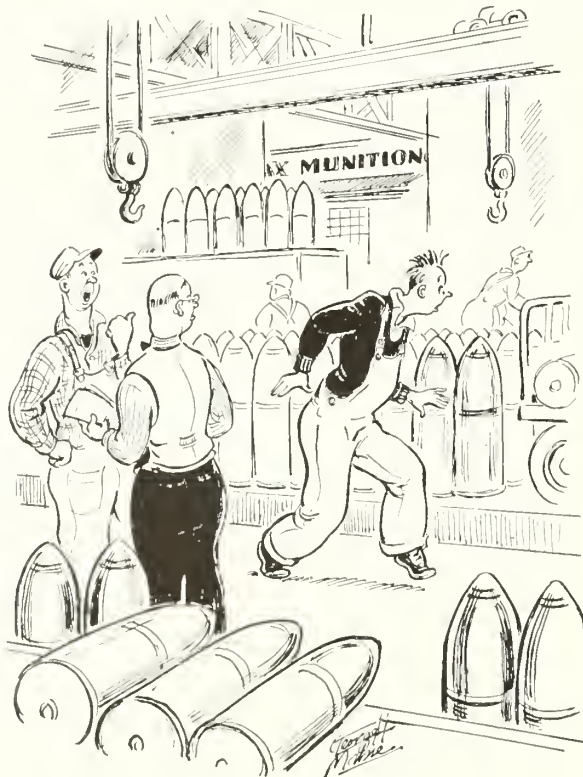
PUEBLO'S Past National Vice Commander Elwyn Davis, says Legionnaire Glenn R. Chafee of Victor (Colorado) Post, is something of a Legion powerhouse in his home bailiwick, but he tells a story about a Colorado comrade who is even better. "Why, sir," he says, "that lad is a whirlwind, though he sells milking machines. Just a few weeks ago he went down into the dust bowl country to call on a farmer who had but one cow left in his herd. He's so good that he sold that farmer TWO milking machines and took the cow as down payment!"

SHE: "I heard you made a lot of money through a sudden upward movement in oil."

He: "Yeah, a wealthy old aunt tried to start a fire with kerosene!"

"**H**HEY, John!" called out the service station attendant, "Your doctor is out here with a flat tire!"

"Indeed! A most interesting subject!" came the voice of the boss from the rear of the building. "Diagnose the case as flatulency of the perimeter and charge him accordingly!"



"I'm afraid Trimble's not the type for this kind of work!"

LEGIONNAIRE H. LPAAR of Jackson, Missouri, tells a yarn about one of his Ozark comrades who was under treatment at a veterans' hospital. The lad from the hills was accustomed to a he-man diet and could not adjust himself to the softer hospital fare. One morning just as he had finished his complaint about the lack of salt pork and navy beans, the ward doctor breezed in. "Any sick men in here?" he called out cheerily.

"Nary a one, Doc," retorted the complainer. "We all have recovered from supper and we ain't et breakfast yet."

AND this one comes from Legionnaire John F. Cole of Los Angeles. The cadet company was drawn up in a perfect line. The inspecting officer walked slowly down the front rank, giving each man a searching glance—then he stopped. "Young man," he said to the cadet, "you remind me a great deal of General Grant."

"Really, sir?" said the cadet, eagerly. "Yes," snapped the officer. "He didn't shave, either."

COMRADE J. L. TAYLOR of Boise, Idaho, says that an itinerant sign painter recently wheeled his elaborate trailer house into the local trailer camp. It bore a precise name plate, reading

MEEMAWKID-ZENPUP

and the entire family was present, including the pooch!

OUT on a scout patrol, Daff and Dill provided themselves with a full cowhide. They crawled into it and, grazing along after the manner of cow-kind, moved nearer and nearer the enemy trenches.

All was going well until Daff, who had the front end, started in alarm. "Let's get out of here," he hissed.

"What's the matter?" queried Dill.

"Matter?" came the anguished voice of Daff. "Matter enough! Here comes a Heinie with a milk pail!"



"What's your hurry?"
"That trained seal of yours is juggling something—and I'm pretty sure it's a mine!"

LEGIONNAIRE DICK HELWIG of Chicago observes that, if a man's conscience isn't working, it doesn't make much difference what religion he professes.

"**G**ETTING into the Army sure has gone to that young draftee's head."

"What's he done now?"

"Why, he's had brass buttons tattooed on his tongue just in case he gets a coat on it."

THE defendant was charged with being too deft with his fingers and, on trial, elected to take the stand in his own defense. "Raise your right hand, place your left hand on the Bible," droned the clerk as he proceeded to give the required oath.

The light-fingered lad, no novice in court procedure, swore to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

"That's fine!" said the clerk. Then he looked around inquiringly and his eyes narrowed as they came to rest on the defendant. "Come clean now, buddy, what did you do with that Bible?"

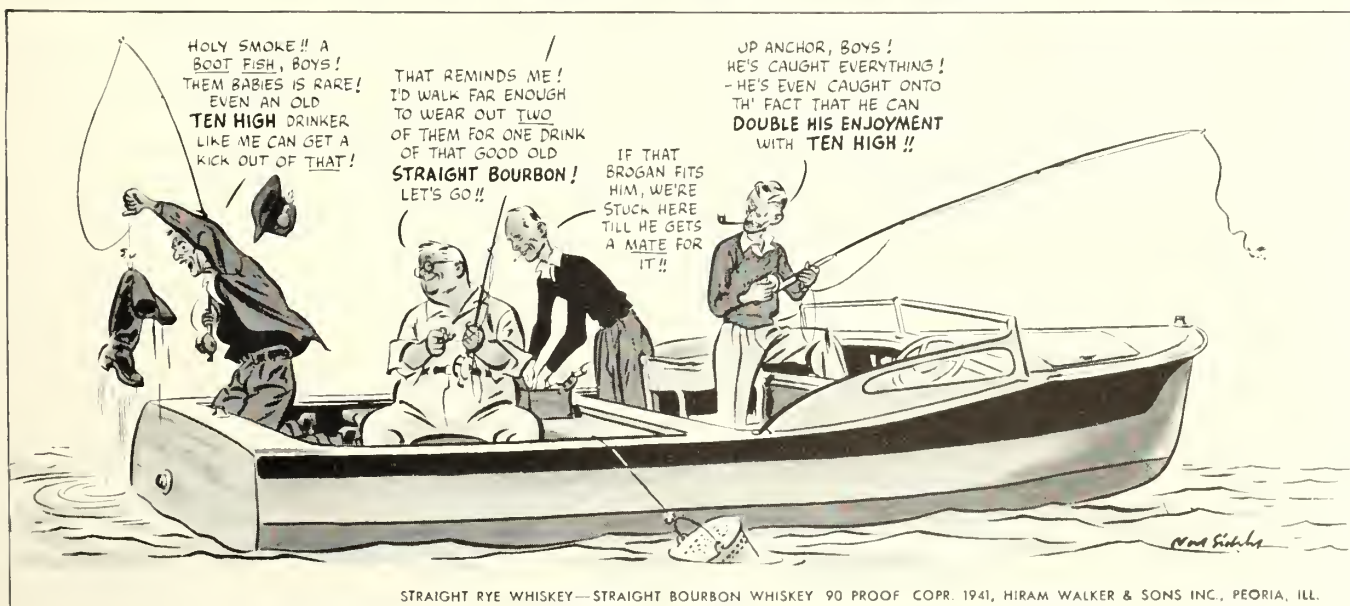
The American Legion Magazine will pay one dollar for each joke accepted for Bursts and Duds. Address Bursts and Duds, The American Legion Magazine, 15 West 48th Street, New York City. Don't send postage, as no jokes will be returned.



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